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THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT FARM," "THE ROCK," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER X.

CLARICE CHESNEY.

In a magnificent reception room of Portland Place sat the Earl of Oakburn and Lady Jane Chesney. The London season was at its height, for it was yet but the beginning of June, and they had engaged the house, furnished, for three months. There was not a poorer peer on the British list than the Earl of Oakburn; a very few thousand pounds per annum comprised his revenues: nevertheless, to the straitened half-pay captain, and to the care-worn Jane, nearly tired out with her household contrivings and economies, the few thousands looked like incalculable riches. The late Earl of Oakburn had a large private income, which did not revert to the present peer; still he had been deemed, and he was, an exceedingly poor man for his station. Chesney Oaks had come to Lord Oakburn, but he knew that he should not be able to live in it, for, to keep up an establishment suitable to it, would be beyond his means.

Jane was attired in mourning, a handsome black dress of a thin, gauzy texture, ample and flowing. She looked quiet and unpretending as ever, but there was a look of rest about her face now, which seemed to say that her heart was at peace. All the longing visions of Jane Chesney seemed to be more than realized: they had pointed to her father, not to herself, and he was placed at ease for the remainder of his days—what else then could she wish for? Into society Jane determined to go very little: to be her father's constant associate, save when he was at his club, or at the House, was her aim: formerly, household duties and Lucy's education, called her perpetually from his side: it should not be so now. Nothing, no attractions of society or pleasure, should call away Jane Chesney: she would be her dear father's companion from henceforth, rendering his hours pleasant to him, taking care that his home was so well-ordered that nothing should be wanting to make him comfortable. Jane Chesney, as mistress of her father's plentiful house, as mistress of her own time, so that she might dedicate it to him, seemed to have realized her Utopia.

"Papa," she began, as she knitted rapidly at some wrist-mittens, for the old sailor never wore any mittens—or, as he called them, muffatees—or any stockings but were knitted by Jane, "does it appear to you that the governess will suit?"

"I have not thought about it," replied Lord Oakburn, pushing his velvet skull-cap, which he always wore in the fore part of the day, higher up upon his head. "Why shouldn't she?"

"She appears to me to be above her situation: to be too pretentious."

"She's only a clergyman's daughter, is she?"

"Papa, I alluded to her manner. When visitors are here in the evening—and some drop in now and then, you know—Miss Lethwait entirely identifies herself with them, as one of themselves, quite as if she were a daughter of the house: she pushes herself before me, papa: she does, indeed."

"Push her back," said the Earl.

"I do not fancy you are very observant, papa, or you must have seen that she does. And when we are all alone, note how she endeavors to monopolize your conversation—getting you to tell her tales of your sea-life."

"She's a splendid girl," remarked the Earl, "and talks sensibly—for a woman."

"I do not much like her, papa."

"The question is, does she get Lucy on? If not, pay her her wages, and let her clear out."

Lady Jane laughed.

"She is not a sailor, papa. But I think she does get Lucy on: her mode of instruction appears to be admirable."

"Then let her stop in her berth. A little pride or pretension, or whatever you call it, in the sails, won't topple over the ship."

Lady Jane knitted for some time in silence: it was an employment she pursued only at these quiet morning hours. The Earl read the "Times," in which was a short speech of his own, for he had got on his legs the previous night, and given the House of Lords a little of his mind, in his own hot fashion. A question had arisen, touching the liberties of seamen in vessels, and the Earl had told the assemblage, the Lord Chancellor included, that they were all wrong together, and knew no more about it than a set of ignorant land lubbers.

Presently the Earl looked up from his paper, and spoke abruptly:

"How much longer do you intend to be, before you see after Clarice?"

Lady Jane dropped her knitting, and the flush of emotion illumined her face, tinging even her drooping eyelids.

"Papa, *may* I see after her? Will you allow it?"

"If you don't, I shall," returned the Earl.

"It is what I have been longing to do, papa," she exclaimed. "Every night and every morning, I have been wishing to ask you, but I could not summon up courage. May Clarice come home again?"

"Well, I don't know what you may deem ship-shape," said the Earl, "but my opinion is, that it's scarcely the right thing for Lady Clarice Chesney to be flourishing abroad as a governess."

"It has been wrong all along, doubly wrong since the change has occurred to us," cried Lady Jane. "I did mention her name to you, papa, since Lord Oakburn's death, and you bade me hold my tongue, and let Clarice come to her senses."

The Earl gave a few exasperated rappings on the floor with his stick, which he had by no means forgotten the use of.

"Yes, but she doesn't come to them, my Lady Jane. Here are the weeks going on, and she never gives token that she has come to them, or is coming. You don't hear from her."

"No: and I think it very strange. She cannot fail to know that you are Earl of Oakburn: she would know it from the papers."

"Nothing so certain about that. But her pride stands in the way, Jane, her pride stands in the way; she won't eat humble-pie, and be the one to come-to, first."

"Clarice was always self-willed, like—"

"Like who?" cried the Earl, angrily, believing Lady Jane alluded to himself, for she had made a dead stop.

"I meant like Laura, papa, but I did not like to mention her name before you."

Lady Jane had cause. The name excited the Earl much. He rose and paced the room, quarter-deck fashion, and let off a little of his mind in quarter-deck language.

"Don't you talk of her before me again, Jane. She has made her own bed, and she must lie upon it. I had rather she had decamped with a street-beggar than with that man: I hate him."

Lady Jane folded up her knitting, and placed it in its ornamental basket.

"It has struck eleven, papa, and I cannot rest now, until I have been to Clarice."

"So you know her address?"

"Not exactly, but the few letters I wrote to her were addressed, by her directions, to a library in the neighborhood of Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, and Clarice used to fetch them. She did not tell me where she lived, except that it was close by. I shall go to the library, and no doubt obtain the information I want."

"How long is it since you heard from Clarice?"

"Oh, papa, it is a long while—turned five months. I have written three letters, and have had no answer."

"Shall you be an hour getting ready?"

"Not five minutes, papa."

The Earl rang the bell, and it was immediately answered.

"The carriage for Lady Jane."

The man was returning with a quiet "Yes, my lord," when Jane interposed.

"Stay an instant, Wilson. Papa, I think I had better not take the carriage. I would rather go quietly."

"Then you won't go quietly," retorted the Earl. "Do you hear, sir? what do you stand gaping there for? Order the carriage for Lady Jane."

The man flew off as if he had been shot; the servants had become accustomed to the explosions of the Earl, who, with all his hot temper, was a generous master.

"I thought it would have been best to go quietly, papa, under the circumstances, without the parade of the servants and carriage," spoke Lady Jane.

"What do you mean by 'under the circumstances?'"

Jane dropped her voice.

"As Clarice has lowered herself to the office of governess, would it not be well that she should leave as such?"

"No," said the Earl. "She shall come away as Lady Clarice Chesney."

"There is one thing to be considered, papa; she may not be able to leave at a minute's warning; not without giving proper notice—perhaps a week, or a month."

The Earl brought his stick down tremendously.

"Not leave! let them dare to keep her. Tell them who she is—and that I demand her."

"Dearest papa," Jane ventured to remonstrate, "as Clarice has undertaken these duties, she must perform them. Courtesy is as much due to her employers as it is to us. I will bring her away if I can, and, if not, the time for her coming shall be fixed."

The Earl growled an answer, and Jane left the room. She put on her shawl and bonnet, and then entered the study. A tall lady, of seven or eight and twenty, elegant in form, but plain in features, with handsome, dark eyes, and a profusion of dark braided hair, sat at a table with Lucy. It was Miss Lethwait, the governess.

"I am going out, Lucy. Do you want me for anything?"

"No. But don't forget the Botanical Gardens, Jane. You know you have promised to take me."

"Lady Lucy says that you wish the hour for her walking changed," spoke up Miss Lethwait.

"I think it would be more agreeable both to you and to her," replied Jane. "Now that the weather is setting in hot, an earlier or a later hour, as may be convenient to you, would be better. Lady Lucy feels the heat much; she always did. And I think you must feel it too, Miss Lethwait."

"It has been hot the last few days. We will manage to arrange a different hour," answered the governess, and Lady Jane went down to the carriage.

She had no difficulty in finding the library she was in search of. She asked to see the proprietor, and he stepped forward. Jane had a difficulty in her way, however, and she knew it.

"Can you tell me," she inquired, "where a young lady resides of the name of Chesney? She is a governess in a family."

"Chesney—Chesney?" repeated the master. "I do not remember the name."

"Some letters were occasionally addressed here for her; for Miss Chesney; and I believe she used to fetch them."

"Oh, yes, that was Miss Beauchamp," observed the gentleman, his face lighting up with the remembrance. "I beg your pardon; I thought you said Miss Chesney. The letters were addressed to a Miss Chesney, and Miss Beauchamp used to fetch them."

Beauchamp! The difficulty was cleared to Lady Jane at once, and she wondered she had never thought of it before. When Clarice Chesney had left her home to accept a situation as governess, she promised her family that she would take another name, for they angrily complained of the disgrace to theirs. What more natural than that she should assume her own—Beauchamp? She was named Clarice Beauchamp Chesney. And Lady Jane had wondered often over a whole directory of names, without the probability having occurred to her!

"Thank you, yes," she said; "Miss Beauchamp. Can you tell me where she lives?"

"No, ma'am, I really cannot. She was governess in two families, both in Gloucester Terrace; not staying very long, I think, at either place. She was at the Lortons first, and at the Wests after."

"I did not know that; I thought she had but one situation; she never mentioned to me having changed. I suppose we must be speaking of the same person. Perhaps you will describe her to me."

He did so, and so accurately, that Lady Jane was satisfied; there was no mistake as to its being her sister.

"She suddenly disappeared from the neighborhood, as it appeared to me," went on the librarian; "at any rate, she discontinued coming here. Here are two or three letters in the same address, waiting for her still."

Lady Jane wondered whether they could be those she had sent. She asked to see them, and he brought forward three letters. They were the same.

"I will take them away with me," said Lady Jane.

The librarian hesitated.

"You will pardon me, if I inquire by what authority. Miss Beauchamp may call for them yet."

Lady Jane smiled.

"They were written by me," she replied, tearing open one of the letters, and showing him the signature. "And," she added, taking out her card-case and handing him a card, "that will prove that I am Jane Chesney."

He bowed low; Lady Jane was at liberty to do what she pleased with the letters.

"Upon second thought, I will leave the last one," she observed, "and write upon it our present address; for, as you say, Miss Beauchamp may call yet."

She next proceeded to the Lortons. She felt uneasy, beginning to fear it might be more difficult to find Clarice than she had thought. Whoever the Lortons might be, they were a vulgar, narrow minded family, as Lady Jane saw at a glance. She asked to speak to Mrs. Lorton, and was shown into an exceedingly smart room, where sat a lady in an exceedingly smart dress; but neither room nor lady possessed grace or refinement.

"What name shall I say?" asked the man, with his hand on the door-handle.

"It is of no consequence," replied Lady Jane, "I am a stranger." She had gone thither on foot, having sent her carriage on an errand, and directed it to call for her.

"A lady, ma'am," was his introduction, and Mrs. Lorton rose. Rose all suavity, all simpers and smiles, but there was no real courtesy of mind, and that Lady Jane saw.

"I have called," she said, taking the seat offered her, "to inquire if you can kindly give me any information as to the present address of a young lady who once lived with you as governess; a Miss Beauchamp."

Mrs. Lorton's smiles froze, and Mrs. Lorton's brow darkened.

"I know nothing about her," she rudely said; "she didn't behave herself well in my house, and it was a good riddance when she left it."

"Not behave herself well!" echoed Lady Jane.

"No, she didn't. She encouraged my son to pay her attention, and then left me at a pinch, without a governess, because she said he was rude to her. Perhaps you knew her?"

"Yes," said Lady Jane, with dignity, "she is my sister."

"Oh," scornfully returned Mrs. Lorton, at finding the lady before her was only a governess's sister, when she had deemed her to be somebody like herself, come after a governess's character. "Here, Harriet"—addressing a young lady who then entered the room, her daughter, by the likeness—"here's that Miss Beauchamp's sister, come to inquire about her; we don't know anything of her."

"Oh, dear no," assented the young lady, turning up her nose at Lady Jane. "Further than that she took another place a few doors higher up; but she didn't stop there long."

"She was not calculated for a governess," added Mrs. Lorton, "she carried her head too high."

"I scarcely think she was," replied Lady Jane. "She was of high birth, madam, and that may have caused her to carry her head high; though, unduly high, I do not believe she was capable of. When she left home, it was with a determination to do her duty in her new life, and adapt herself to its penalties. Our family was in straitened circumstances at that time, and Clarice—and my sister generously resolved to be no burden upon it."

"That's sure to be the case," returned Mrs. Lorton, superciliously: "your governess is sure to be of good birth, but obliged to go out, through misfortune. What does the one we've got now say, Harriet?"

"Oh, like Tony Lumpkin, mamma," laughed the young lady, "that her mother's a conjurer, and her aunt a justice of the peace."

"Ah!" returned Mrs. Lorton, with an expressive sniff, "we should possess a large organ of credulity, if we listened to governesses."

Lady Jane rose; it would be preferable to wait in the street than in that room. But, at the moment she did so, the servant opened the door, and stepped forward respectfully.

"The Lady Jane Chesney's carriage."

She dropped a stately curtsey and retreated, vouchsafing no other leavetaking. Mrs. Lorton was staggered; she believed her ears must have deceived her; she saw the carriage drive away with the lady inside it, and called out for her servant in alarmed haste.

"*Who* did you say that was?"

"Lady Jane Chesney, madam. There was an earl's coronet on the carriage."

Mrs. Lorton fell back in an agony. Her whole life was spent in striving to get into "society," and she had, for once in her days, a real live earl's daughter in her *drawing-room*, and had insulted her!

Mrs. West was a different woman, pleasant and chatty. The wife of a man engaged in city business, she did not aspire to be thought what she was not.

"Miss Beauchamp came to me from the Lortons," she said to Lady Jane. "We liked her very much, but when she had been with us about six months, she gave warning to leave. She remained a very little time with the Lortons, three months, I think; their vulgar son would persist in thrusting his admiration upon her; Miss Beauchamp would not put up with it, and left. Mrs. Lorton offered her a higher salary to stay, but she would not."

A different account, this, from Mrs. Lorton's own, but Lady Jane knew how much to believe of that, at the time.

"Where did she go from you?"

"We never knew. There appeared—though it may have been only in our fancy—some little mystery about it."

"In what way?" asked Jane.

"In truth I can hardly describe to you. We fancied it chiefly from Miss Beauchamp's entire silence as to her future proceedings. I told her I should be happy to be referred to, but she replied that she was not intending to take another situation, and should require no reference."

"What was she going to do, then?" inquired Lady Jane, in amazement.

"I am unable to say. I remember we wondered much over it, at the time. She had never spoken of her family, therefore we believed she had no home to return to. An impression gained ground among us that she was going to be married."

"To be married!" echoed Lady Jane, her pulses quickening.

"Though I do not know that we had real cause to think so," added Mrs. West. "I did put the question to her, whether, as she said she was not going out again, she was about to live with any of her relatives; and she laughed and said, No, she was going to embark in a new way of life altogether."

"It is very strange!" uttered Lady Jane. "Do you not know where she went to, when she quitted your house? Whether she went into the next street?—whether she went into the country?—in short, where she went, or what she did?"

"I would tell you in a moment if I knew, but I never have known. She went away in a cab with her luggage, not stating where. You seem very anxious."

"I am indeed. How long was this ago?"

"Twelve months."

"I must find her," exclaimed Jane, in some excitement. "As to her marrying, that is most improbable. I may as well tell you who she is; there is no reason why I should not. My father, a gentleman born, and highly connected, was poor for his station; there were four of us at home—"

"Then Miss Beauchamp was not without relations!"

"Oh, no. Four daughters at home, three of us grown up; and Clarice took a resolution to go out as governess. She had but one motive to this—the lessening of expenses at home, and she persisted in her resolve, in spite of us all. My father said she would disgrace her family name; that he would not have a Chesney working for her bread; Clarice replied that no disgrace should accrue to the name through her, and she went to Mrs. Lorton's, her first situation, calling herself Miss Beauchamp; she had been christened Clarice Beauchamp; Clarice after her great aunt, the Countess of Oakburn, Beauchamp after her Godfather."

"Then she is not Miss Beauchamp!" interrupted Mrs. West, with quickness.

"She is Lady Clarice Chesney."

Mrs. West felt a little overawed. Like her neighbors, the Lortons, it had not fallen to her lot to come in personal contact with the daughter of an earl, except in waxwork.

"I have the honor, then, of speaking to—to—"

"Lady Jane Chesney," quietly replied Jane. "But when Clarice was with you she was only Miss Chesney; it is recently that my father has come into the title. You will readily imagine that we are most anxious now to have her home, and regret more than before that she ever left it."

"I'm sure I wish I could help you to find her!" heartily exclaimed Mrs. West. "Where *can* she be? She cannot know of the rise in her position."

"I should imagine not," replied Jane. "Unless," she continued, wiping the dew from her forehead, which a sudden and unwelcome thought caused to collect there; "unless—but no, I will not think it."

Mrs. West wondered what thought had occurred to her, but did not like to ask. Lady Jane left her address, in case Mrs. West should unexpectedly obtain any clue, and then went down to her carriage with a heavy heart.

It was unsatisfactory news to carry to Lord Oakburn, and remarkably unsatisfactory the earl chose to make it. He stormed, and he thumped, and he swore; he abused the scapegoat, Pompey, who had had nothing in the world to do with it, and he abused Jane. All in vain: it did not bring back Clarice, or inform him where she was. The Dowager Countess of Oakburn told him it served him right, for winking at a Chesney's going out as a governess; and what was it but winking, she demanded, to sit himself down contentedly at home, and not order my young lady back, and drag her with cords, if she declined to come?

Inquiries were set on foot by the earl, and the aid of the police called in to find her, but it brought forth no results. Nothing could be heard of Clarice Chesney.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SECOND WIFE.

The glare of many lamps, the glitter of mirrors, the strains of music, and the sweet perfume of flowers pervaded the rooms of the Earl of Oakburn. He was holding his first and last evening reception; it could scarcely be said of the season, for the season was over, and August, with its clouds of dust, was on the wane; but many families were in town yet, for Parliament had sat unusually late.

In her pretty dress of white crape, with a wreath of white flowers confining her flowing curls, sufficient mourning for a child, stood Lucy Chesney, her eyes beaming with delight, her damask cheeks glowing with excitement. Not a single dance had Lucy missed; and now, after a waltz which had well nigh whirled her giddy, she leaned against the wall for renewed breath.

"Do look at Lady Lucy!"

The remark came from some one in the vicinity of Jane, calling her attention to her sister. She saw that Lucy was exerting herself beyond her strength, and she looked round for Miss Lethwait, but did not see her. She made her way towards the child.

"Lucy, where's Miss Lethwait?"

"I have not seen her this long while, Jane. I saw her with papa in his smoking-room once to-night."

"With papa in his smoking-room!" uttered Jane Chesney.

"She was filling his pipe for him, too. She had her gloves off."

"Oh, Lucy!"

"It's true, Jane. Papa seemed cross, and said he never could get along without his evening pipe, and Miss Lethwait said, 'Then you shall have it, dear Lord Oakburn, and I will keep the door.' And she reached it out of the drawer and began to fill it."

Jane's brow darkened.

"Where were you, then?"

"Oh, I was running about from one room to another. Papa did not smoke long, for I saw him in the rooms soon after. What do you want with Miss Lethwait?"

"I want her to be with you, to keep you more within bounds."

"Oh, thank you, Jane," laughed the child, "but I can keep myself. I shan't be hurt, Jane; we don't have this pleasure often."

In one of the smallest and least frequented of the rooms, but still a reception room, stood the governess, Miss Lethwait. She looked magnificent. Of that remarkably pale complexion which lights up so well, with her sparkling eyes and beautiful hair, the plainness of her features was this night eclipsed.—She wore a low evening dress, exhibiting well her falling shoulders, her round white arms; never had she appeared to so great advantage; she looked made to adorn a countess's coronet—and perhaps she was thinking so.

Perhaps some one else was thinking so, one who could think, so far as that particular went, to greater purpose. Standing by her was the Earl of Oakburn, and the rough old tar's eyes ranged over her admiringly. He had not lost his liking for a fine woman, although he was verging on his sixtieth year.

"Now, do you admire all this hubbub and whirl?" asked the peer.

"No, Lord Oakburn. It dazzles my senses, and takes my breath away."

"By Jove! I'd sooner be in a hurricane, rounding the North Pole. I told Jane it would be out of our soundings to have this crowd here, but she talked about the 'claims of society.' Society be smothered!"

"The best society is that of our own fireside—those of us who have firesides to enjoy," returned Miss Lethwait. "It is not my fortune to have one, and perhaps it never will be; but I must not be envious of others."

She stood under the light of the glass chandelier, whose falling drops were glittering as a prism; her head was raised to its own lofty height, but her eyes were bent to the ground, and tears rested on their lashes. She held a sprig of geranium in her white gloves, and her fingers were slowly engaged pulling it to pieces leaf by leaf, petal from petal.

"Why should you not have a fireside?" bluntly asked Lord Oakburn, his sight not losing a single tear, a single movement of the fingers; keen sight it was, peering from underneath its bushy brows.

She half-laughed, a laugh which told of inward pain, if not of rebellion against her lot.

"You may as well ask, my lord, why one woman is the Queen of England, and another the unhappy wretch who sits stitching her fifteen hours daily in a garret, wearing out her heart and her life. Our destinies are unequal in this world, and we must take them as they are sent. I feel that I was not made to wear out *my* days in dependence, in servitude; I feel that my mind, my heart, my intellect, were made for a higher lot; nevertheless, it is my lot, and I must abide by it."

"Will you share my lot?" suddenly asked the earl.

Miss Lethwait raised her eyes, a rapid glance, as if she would gather whether the words were but a jesting mockery. The earl moved nearer, and laid his hand upon her shoulder.

"*I'm a blue jacket of nine-and-fifty years*, Miss Lethwait, but I'm tough yet; never had an earthly thing the matter with me but the gout; *and if you'll be Countess of Oakburn*, and make my fireside yours, I'll take care of you. What do you say?"

She gently moved his hand from her shoulder, and lifted her wet eyes to his.

"Thank you greatly, Lord Oakburn; but it could not be."

"Why not?"

"It would not be agreeable to your daughters."

"What the deuce does that matter? My daughters! I'm not their husband; they'll be getting husbands of their own."

"I am young as they are; younger than Lady Jane. Lord Oakburn, if you made me your wife, it might sow dissention between you and them!"

"By Jupiter, but my girls shan't thwart me," uttered the peer, in a heat. "The very day I came into the title, I made up my mind to marry; the next heir is a remote cousin, fifty degrees off; a pretty thing it would be for *him* to come into it. Laura has chosen for herself, Clarice is away, Lucy's a child; and do you think Jane has no common sense?—Anybody, with a grain of it, would know that I should marry. My dear, will you be Lady Oakburn?"

Miss Lethwait trembled with emotion. She had really good and amiable qualities, and did *not* like to sow ill-feeling (as she suspected it would do,) between the earl and his children: although the temptation of being Countess of Oakburn had long been hanging in her mind as the one dazzling bait of life. The moment of grasping it was now come, and she could not let it pass her: had she done so, she would have been more than woman. The earl waited for her answer.

"If you would make me yours, Lord Oakburn, so be it. I will be to you a good and faithful wife."

And the old peer laid his hand upon her shoulder again, and bent his lips to hers.

At that moment one stood in the doorway, her haughty eyelids raised in astonished indignation. It was Lady Jane Chesney, who had come in search of the governess. Any serious intention on the earl's part, she suspected not: that he would marry again, had never occurred for a moment to the mind of Jane: possibly in her all-absorbing love for her father, there had been no room for the idea to creep in. She gazed, and believed him betrayed into a ridiculous bit of folly, excusable only in a young man, but which sent a poignant pang through her heart. But the governess?—standing to receive his embrace passively! Words could not express the hatred and contempt cast to her from that moment by Jane Chesney.

Too lofty-minded, too much the gentlewoman to *surprise* them, Jane drew back. The earl came out the next moment, and then she entered. The governess was sitting then, her hands clasped before her, her eyes fixed on vacancy, and a scarlet spot on each cheek.

"Miss Lethwait, I must request that you pay more attention to Lady Lucy."

She spoke in a ringing tone of command, one rarely heard from the quiet Jane Chesney. Miss Lethwait bowed her head, and the scarlet spots grew deeper as she hastened to obey.

Jane was not one to make a scene. Her mind felt outraged by what she had witnessed; she felt that the very house was outraged, and she determined that it should never occur again. In her fond prejudice, she threw no blame to her father, it all descended on the head of the unlucky governess. Still, as we say, she was not one to make a scene; she said nothing till the next morning, and then she sent for Miss Lethwait.

She did not ask her to sit down, though she was sitting herself. Jane Chesney could be haughty when she pleased; and in her condemnation of wrong doing, she now deemed the governess unfit to sit in her presence.

"Miss Lethwait," in a cold but civil tone, "I find it is no longer expedient that you should continue your residence here; it will not inconvenience you, I hope, to leave to-day."

Miss Lethwait gazed at her in consternation.

"I beg your pardon, Lady Jane; *leave*, did you say? To day?"

"You will oblige me by so doing."

"May I ask the reason, Lady Jane, of this sudden dismissal?"

"I would prefer that you did not. Search your own conscience, and you will find it; but I will not speak of anything so derogatory. I did think you were a gentlewoman, Miss Lethwait. I am grieved that I was mistaken; and I exceedingly regret having placed you in charge of Lady Lucy Chesney."

All that Miss Lethwait had within her of fiery blood, rose up to a bubble. Retorting words were upon her tongue; but she made an effort, and calmed them down. She began to ask herself how much of the previous evening's interview, Lady Jane had seen and heard.

"There is due to you a balance of six pounds," resumed Lady Jane, "and five pounds, in lieu of the customary month's warning, will make it eleven. I believe you will find that correct."

She laid a ten-pound note and a sovereign on the table, and Miss Lethwait, after a minute's hesitation, took them up.

"I am sorry to have incurred your displeasure, Lady Jane," she said; "perhaps you will think better of me sometime."

"Never," returned Lady Jane, with more temper than she had hitherto shown. "Your duties here are finished, Miss Lethwait; I will attend to my sister's studies myself, to-day. Any assistance you may require in packing, I beg you will ring for."

She bowed her out, and the governess passed from her presence, her cheeks again wearing their scarlet tinge. Nothing but strong emotion could bring that scarlet to the pale face of Eliza Lethwait.

But she did not go to her room; no, she went straight to that of the earl. A small room it was, appropriated entirely to his private use. Lucy had styled it his smoking-room; but the earl would sit in it in a morning and write his letters.

"Lady Jane has dismissed me, Lord Oakburn."

She had spoken the moment she entered, before he had time to rise.

"What's that for?" he asked, raising his stick ominously.

"She did not say. I could not leave without telling you, Lord Oakburn, and—and—if you please—giving you my address. I shall go to my father's."

"I'll be shivered into timbers if you go out of the house in this way," stormed the earl. "My Lady Jane's a cool hand when she chooses, I know that, but you have a right to proper warning."

Miss Lethwait extended her palm and exhibited the money in it.

"Lady Jane has not forgotten to give me the warning's substitute," she said, with a proud, bitter smile.

"Then, hark ye, my dear; I am the house's master, and I'll let my lady know that I am. You shall not—"

"Stay, Lord Oakburn. I could not remain in the house in defiance of Lady Jane; you do not consider how impossible it would be for me, in my subordinate capacity, to enter the lists of opposition against her. I shall be happier at home. Besides, I must have left your roof, before—before—"

"Before you re-enter it as my wife," interposed the earl. "Be it so; I don't know but you are right. And when you do enter it, you know, it will be your turn to cock-pit it over my Lady Jane. When shall you be ready?"

"Ready?" faltered Miss Lethwait.

"Ready for the splicing. In a week?"

"Oh, Lord Oakburn! Putting other and weightier considerations aside, I shall have my preparations to make, and they will take some weeks."

"Preparations for a wedding take some weeks?" repeated the earl, opening his eyes with astonishment. "Why, I could fit my sea-chest out for a three years' cruise in a day. What d'ye mean, Miss Lethwait?"

She did not dispute the outfitting point with him. She gave him her father's address, that of a country vicarage, and the Earl said he should pay her a visit there in a few days. By the afternoon, the governess had left the house, as governess, for ever.

The following month was a busy one. Lord Oakburn had taken one of the neighboring houses in Portland Place, and was occupied in furnishing it. Another governess had been engaged for Lucy, and Lady Jane had nearly forgotten the unpleasant episode she had witnessed the night of the party; had nearly, in fact, forgotten Miss Lethwait. For when that lady quitted the house, Jane resolved to put her out of her remembrance; and she no more dreamt of connecting Eliza Lethwait with certain occasional short absences of the earl in the country, than she dreamt of attributing them to visits to the Great Mogul.

Jane was in her element, choosing furniture and planning out arrangements in their new residence, all being done with one primary view—the comfort of her father. The best rooms were for him: she and Lucy could put up with anything: and the best things were placed in them. Jane thought how happy they should be together, she and her father in their settled home. They did not intend to go out of London that year; why should they? they had but a few months entered it. Custom? Fashion? The earl did not understand "custom," and fashion was as a foreign ship to him; while Lady Jane was above caring for either.

The earl did things like nobody else: he had spent the best part of his life at sea, and shore ideas and proprieties still remained to him as a closed book. As the time of his marriage approached, Miss Lethwait hinted that a tour, long or short, inland or foreign, as might be convenient, was customary. The earl could not and would not understand it: what on earth was the matter with their own home, that they could not proceed thither at once? he demanded. Were there a brig convenient, they might enjoy a month's cruise in her, and he'd say something to it, or even a well-built yacht; but he hated land travelling, and was not going to encounter it.

Miss Lethwait thought of the horrors of sea-sickness, and declined the brig and the yacht.

The evenings were getting wintry, for October had come in. Jane Chesney had caused a fire to be lighted in her dressing-room, not feeling well. She had not felt well all day, though she could not have described it as any particular ailment—"low-spirited and out of sorts," she said to Miss Snow, Lucy's new governess. Coming events, especially of evil, cast their shadows before. The tea tray was taken up to her dressing-room, and she sent a message to the drawing-room that Lucy and Miss Snow were to join her there.

Miss Snow, a little, lively, warm-hearted woman, the very reverse of the dignified Miss Lethwait, asked leave to pour out the tea. She was full of trifling cares for Lady Jane: placed her feet on the woolen footstool, and then warmed some flannel and put over them. Lucy talked.

"When is papa coming back, Jane?"

"I thought he might have been here to-day. We never know till he comes. I supposed he might be intending to stay away longer than usual, as he took Pompey with him."

"Oh, and he has been gone but three days yet. Perhaps he is at Chesney Oaks."

"No," said Jane. "He did not say where he was going, but I am sure it is not to Chesney Oaks. They went by the North Railway, the King's cross station, as papa has done when he has gone away of late: had he been going to Chesney Oaks, he would have taken the train at Paddington. Be so kind as to tell me the time, Miss Snow."

Miss Snow looked up to the French clock on the mantelpiece, which Jane, as she sat, could not see.

"It wants ten minutes to nine."

She had scarcely spoken when a loud knock and a ring resounded through the house.

"Can we be having visitors to-night?" exclaimed Jane, and Lucy ran out of the room.

"You will not go down to them," exclaimed Miss Snow, "you are not well enough. Lady Lucy can make your excuses to them, or, if you please, I will. Where is she, I wonder?"

Miss Snow opened the door, and caught Lucy in the dignified employment of stretching over the balustrades to see and hear. She commenced a torrent of scolding, ordering Lucy to come away. But Lucy did not heed.

"But do you hear me speak to you, Lady Lucy? I ask you if such behaviour is proper for you? Must I fetch you, then?"

Lucy drew away from the balustrades, but not, as it appeared, in obedience to her governess: she had a surprised, puzzled look upon her face, and crept on tiptoe to the room again.

"Jane, what do you think? it is papa and Miss Lethwait!"

"What nonsense, Lucy! Miss Lethwait!"

"It is, indeed, Jane. It looks just as if papa had brought her on a visit, and there's a deal of luggage coming into the hall. She is dressed so well—in a rich damask silk and a white bonnet, and one of those dark Indian shawls with the gold border. It is exactly like that shawl of mamma's that you never remove from the drawer, and never wear, because you say it puts you too much in mind of her."

"Lucy, you must certainly be dreaming. It is not Miss Lethwait: she would never dare to come into my house again; and what should bring papa with Miss Lethwait? What should bring him with any lady, unless—unless—Lucy, it must be old Aunt Oakburn."

Lucy laughed.

"As if I did not know Aunt Oakburn! She's as fat as ten Miss Lethwaits rolled into one. Jane, you did not like Miss Lethwait, but I did, and I should not mind if she did come on a visit. I was sorry when she left."

"You did not see as much of Miss Lethwait as I did," curtly returned Lady Jane.

A man servant came up, and knocked at the door. Jane bade him enter. His face wore a blank look.

"I beg pardon, my lady. The earl has arrived."

"Well?" said Jane.

"He ordered me to come up, my lady, and ask whether there was nobody to receive him, and—and—Lady Oakburn."

"Bade you ask WHAT?" demanded Jane, bending her haughty eyelids on the man.

"My lady, what he said was this," cried the man, thinking he would give the words as they were given to him, and then perhaps he might escape anger. "The earl said, 'Go up and see where they are, and what's the reason that there's nobody about to receive Lady Oakburn.'"

"Is it my aunt, the dowager Lady Oakburn?" wondered Jane.

"It is Miss Lethwait, my lady; that's to say, she as was Miss Lethwait when she lived here."

A ghastly hue overspread the face of Jane Chesney, but still she did not take in the ominous fact that her father had actually married. Her mind was in a state of perplexity; what did it all mean? And the predominant feeling in it was resentment, bitter resentment against the ex-governess. Who was she, that she should dare thus to come and disturb the peace of their home?

The man retreated, and Jane flung aside Miss Snow's careful wrappings, and rose to descend. On the stairs she met Judith—the latter having remained, after their change of fortune, as the young ladies' personal attendant, for Jane had taken a great liking to her. Judith looked paler than usual, and very grave.

"My lady," she whispered, arresting Jane's progress, "do you know what has occurred?"

"I know that that person, whom I was blind enough to receive into my house and trust, and who behaved herself unseemly in it, has dared to intrude again," answered Jane, in her wrath, speaking far more openly than it was her habit to do before a servant. "But she shall not stop in it; no, not for an hour! Let me pass, Judith."

"Oh, my lady, hear the worst before you go in; before you enter upon a fight with her that perhaps she'd gain," returned Judith, in her eager sympathy for Lady Jane. "My lord has married her, and brought her home to be the mistress."

Jane fell against the wall, and looked at Judith. A pitiable expression of helplessness on her face, Judith continued:

"Pompey says they were married yesterday morning; were married by Miss Lethwait's father, in his own church. He says, my lady, that he finds it is there the earl has gone, on a visit to her, these last few times that he has been absent."

"Support me, Judith," said Lady Jane, in a feeble tone.

She spoke just in time. She slid on to the stairs in a kneeling posture, her head pressed against the knees of Judith. She did not quite faint, but, for a minute or two, power left her.

"Let me go on," she wailed, when strength returned; "I must know the worst."

Judith stood aside, and Lady Jane passed on. Lucy followed her timidly, frightened and uncertain.

In the drawing-room, standing by the fire, but with her face turned to the door in expectation, was she who had quitted the house as Miss Lethwait—six weeks before. Jane's eye noted her dress, as mentioned by Lucy: the rich sweeping silk, the pretty white bonnet, and the costly shawl—*their own mother's shawl*, taken by the earl from its resting place to bestow upon his new bride. Woman's heart is a strange compound of strength and littleness, and perhaps to see that shawl on *her* shoulders brought to Jane a keener pang than the rest had yet done. The earl was striding the room, his stick, suspiciously loud, coming down with each step. He confronted his daughters.

"So, here you are at last! And nothing ready apparently in the shape of welcome. Not as much as the tea laid! What's the reason, Lady Jane?"

"We did not expect you," replied Jane.

"You got my letter. Wasn't it plain enough?"

"I have not received any letter."

"Not received a letter! By Jove! I'll prosecute the post-office, I will! Girls," with a flourish of the hand towards his wife, "here's your new mother, Lady Oakburn. You don't want a *letter to welcome her.*"

It seemed that Jane, at any rate, wanted something, if not a letter. She turned her back on Lady Oakburn; she would have addressed her father, but though her quivering lips moved, no sound came from them. The countess advanced to her, and humbly, deprecatingly, put out her hand.

"Lady Jane, I beseech you, let me implore you, that there shall be peace between us. It has pleased Lord Oakburn to make me his wife, but indeed I have not come here to interfere with his daughters' privileges, or to cause dissension in their home. *Try* and like me, Lady Jane; let me learn to love you."

Jane looked at her; her white lips, (Jane's,) were drawn back in agitation, showing the set teeth; it was as much as she could do to avoid dashing away the offered hand with a blow. She clutched her fingers to keep them still, until the nails pierced the palms of her hands.

"Like you!" she hissed in her ear; "can we like a serpent which insinuates its deadly self round its victim? You have brought your arts to bear on my unsuspicious father, and torn him from his children. As you have dealt with us, Miss Lethwait, so may you be dealt with, in your turn."

The countess turned away in agitation, and laid her hand on Lucy.

"You, at any rate, will let me love you. I loved you when I was with you, Lucy, and I will endeavor to be to you a second mother." And Lucy burst into tears as she received her embrace.

The earl and his stick stalked off in the direction of his own sitting-room, calling out to his wife as he went:—

"It's new lines to them yet, Eliza, to Jane especially. They haven't got their sea-legs on at present, but it will be all right in a day or two, or you shall ask them the reason why."

An exceedingly smart lady's maid brushed past the earl, and looked in; she had arrived with the countess.

"Your chamber's in order now, my lady, and what you'll want to-night unpacked. I thought your ladyship might like a fire, so I have had one lighted."

The countess passed out with her attendant, and Jane grasped the back of a chair in her heartsickness. Oh, reader, surely you can feel for her! She was suddenly hurled from her authority in her father's home, of which she had been the mistress for years; she was hurled from the chief place in her father's heart. One whom she regarded as beneath her, one whom she disliked and despised, and over whom she had exercised control, was exalted into her place; raised over her. She might have borne that, not patiently, but still she might have borne it; but what she could not bear was, that another should be more to her father than she was. He whom she had so revered and loved, in whom her very life had been bound up, had now taken to himself an idol, and Jane henceforth was nothing.

She dragged her aching limbs back to her dressing-room, and cowered down before the fire with a low moan. Judith entered, a letter in her hand.

"My lady, Pompey's nearly out of his mind with alarm; he says he'd rather run away back to Africa than that his fault should become known to the earl. My lord gave him a letter to post for you yesterday, and he forgot it, and has just found it in his pocket."

Jane stretched out her hand for the letter, and mechanically opened it. It was short and pithy.

"Dear Jane,

"I married Miss Lethwait this morning, and we shall be home to-morrow; have things at home all ship-shape. You behaved ill to her when she was with us, and she felt it keenly, but you'll take care to steer clear of that quicksand for the future; for, remember, she's my wife now, and will be the mistress of my home, and you are but my daughter.

"Your affectionate father,

"OAKBURN."

Lady Jane crushed the letter in her hand, and let her head fall till she lay at full length on the hearth-rug, a convulsive sob that rose in her throat from time to time, alone betraying her anguish. If ever the iron entered into the soul of woman, it entered into that of Jane Chesney.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1860

TERMS, PREMIUMS, &c.

The Terms of THE POST are $2 a-year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. ☞ The FIRST YEAR's subscription must always be paid IN ADVANCE. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:—

One Copy, and BOTH Engravings of Niagara Falls,	$3,00
One Copy of THE POST and one of Arthur's Home Magazine,	3,00
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☞ Those who send clubs of *eight, thirteen*, or *twenty* names, can have either an extra paper, as mentioned above, or both the engravings of Niagara Falls, as they may prefer.

The NIAGARA FALLS ENGRAVINGS are large and handsome *steel* engravings—the same that are advertised by Mr. Butler in our advertising columns at five dollars for the pair. The postage will be prepaid on the engravings.

A Beautiful Premium also to Every Subscriber. "THE SPEAKING LIKENESS," a large and beautiful *steel* engraving, will be sent to EVERY subscriber to THE POST for 1860, who incloses us 25 cents to pay the cost of postage, mailing, &c. The cost of this engraving in the stores is Four Dollars! It is a gem.

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price of the paper, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address **DEACON & PETERSON,**
No. 132 South Third St., Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined:—"The Answer;" "In An Album;" "Think of Me;" "Pride turned to Penury;" "An Apostrophe to an Old Time-Piece."

A. W., Ohio. We know of no such fund. Better inquire of some local paper.

POVERTY.

A millionaire, after hearing a moralist discourse eloquently for a length of time on the pernicious influence of wealth, calmly replied, "You speak like an oracle, sir; but I have been poor, and am now rich, and of the two conditions I prefer the latter."

And so would nine hundred and ninety-nine men in the thousand. What moralist is there—especially in a Northern climate—but would decide at once to take riches instead of poverty, if the choice were offered him by the Great Disposer of Events? Thomas Carlyle says forcibly, to the English poverty is a "hell." And when one considers what evils, distresses and unrefinements are included in the one word poverty, in a cold clime, who can wonder that the hearts of men so universally recoil from it as from the most dreaded of calamities. We are speaking now of absolute poverty, not merely circumscribed means—this latter may be a reasonably happy condition in life. The prayer of the wise man was neither for poverty nor riches, but for that happy medium which insures comfort, and allows a reasonable degree of enjoyment, while it prevents the surfeits of idleness and excess. What men really think of poverty is shown by their universal efforts to rise above it—and true morality and true philosophy sanction those efforts, when honestly made. Until a family or a nation can manage to raise its face from the dust and filth of the earth, no great mental, moral or spiritual progress seems possible to it. It must first master the realm of earth, before it can begin to master the realm of mind.

THE REMOVAL OF THE STATE CAPITAL TO PHILADELPHIA.—We are pleased to see that this subject is being agitated at Harrisburg. We are decidedly in favor of the change proposed—not because we are citizens of Philadelphia, but because we believe the effect would be good upon the Legislature itself. Corruption hates the light—and Harrisburg is entirely too small and dark a place for a legislative body. We do not believe it would be half so easy in a great city like this, to play such pranks as Pennsylvania legislators of all parties are in the habit of doing. For this reason, we are in favor of removing the seat of government—and we have very little doubt that if the matter is once fairly understood by our legislators, they will *vote down* the proposition to leave Harrisburg by a tremendous majority. We have so much confidence in them!

HEAR! HEAR!!

We have of course, with all the rest of the world, a very high opinion of Florence Nightingale. To be sure, we think her great fame is but another instance of that partiality which Destiny has always shown from the beginning of the world, in making one famous, and leaving another, equally if not more worthy, entirely obscure. Thus we all know that Adam and Eve had three sons, whose names are famous—Cain, Abel, and Seth—but of the other "sons and daughters" of the first parents—including the wives of Cain and Seth, from the latter of whom all enlightened nations now trace their line—we know absolutely nothing. And thus with Florence Nightingale; her euphonious name has rung from pole to pole; while of those heroic women who volunteered as nurses, and went to almost certain death at Norfolk, how few, even here in Philadelphia, remember a single name? And yet Florence Nightingale went to no infected city, no almost certain fate—but her name is surrounded with a halo of glory, and theirs with the blackness of utter forgetfulness.

We do not complain of this. Let Florence Nightingale wear her laurels—she deserves them. And as for the unnamed heroines of the plague-smitten city, who fell at the bedsides they went to cheer, little will they heed, listening to the "Well done" of the Lord Jesus, that earthly voices join not in the acclaim of angels and of saints.

But this is too serious an introduction for the quotation we mean to make from a recent work of Florence Nightingale's, upon the subject of nursing. Nevertheless, "what is writ, is writ," and we let it stand.

Florence Nightingale pens, among other things worthy of consideration, the following, which we particularly commend to the consideration of our lady readers:—

"It is, I think, alarming, peculiarly at this time, when the female ink-bottles are perpetually impressing upon us 'woman's' 'particular worth and general missionariness,' to see that *the dress of women is daily more and more unfitting them for any 'mission' or usefulness at all. It is equally unfitted for all poetic and all domestic purposes.* A man is now a more handy and far less objectionable being in a sick-room than a woman. Compelled by her dress, every woman now either shuffles or waddles; only a man can cross the floor of a sick-room without shaking it. What is become of woman's light step—the firm, light, quick step we have been asking for!"

Ah, crinoline, how much hast thou to answer for! The poet has said of woman,

> "When pain and anguish wring the brow,
> A ministering angel thou!"

But, according to Florence Nightingale—a competent authority—it can be so no longer. Nowadays, "a *man* is a more handy and less objectionable" angel, in a sick room, than a woman! Oh, Eugenie! Eugenie! if our curved hand were a speaking trumpet, and our voice that of a stentor, we would shout into thy delicate, shell-like ear across the tumultuous surges of the boisterous Atlantic—louder even than Forrest shouts when he plays Othello—"Fair fiend, this is thy doing!"

WHEN Mr. Mason of Virginia, our late Minister to France, attended for the first time a levee at the French Court, he was accompanied by the English Embassador, and when he was about to be left by that gentleman, he felt embarrassed by his inability to speak the French language. The English Minister, however, relieved him by informing him that the Russian Minister understood English, and then introduced him to that functionary. After the ceremony of introduction, the Russian Minister addressed Mr. M. with "*Parlez vous Francais, Monsieur?*" "*Un peu*," replied Mr. M., and then said, "Do you speak English, sir?" "A *schmall*," replied Russia, with a self satisfied air." Mr. M. stood at ease. Mr. Faulkner knows still less of French than Mr. Mason did. It is probable that when asked by Eugenie if he speaks the language, he will reply, "*pass bowkoup, vo-tree may-gestee.*"

Our opinion differs from that of many upon the importance of our Ministers knowing how to speak the language of the Court to which they are sent. As a general thing, the little smattering of a language which a foreigner has, and which he amusingly calls *knowing* it, is about equal to none at all for diplomatic purposes—and even for social ones. It is not a matter of the first importance that a Minister to Austria should know German, to Russia Russian, to China Chinese, to Greece Greek, &c. When Mr. Soulé went to Spain, he only got into "a muss" the sooner from knowing Spanish, and made no more satisfactory progress than those envoys who were entirely ignorant of the language of the court.

Then again, as the English language evidently is to be the great language of the world, the sooner all foreigners begin learning it the better for them. The Americans and English—Roman-like, as we believe—do not learn foreign languages easily; Providence probably having determined that their energy could be better expended in other and more important directions. As there seems thus to be a *constitutional* difficulty on their part, and as the Mountain cannot go to Mahomet, Mahomet must perforce come to the Mountain.

THE BALL AT THE ACADEMY.—In our last week's paper we briefly called the attention of our city readers to this ball—and informed them that all the good-looking people were going. We may add this week, that every young lady especially, who is forced, owing to the want of courtesy of her gentlemen friends, to stay away—will be positively ill-looking, when she next meets them; though, of course, for that occasion only. But, seriously, judging by what is said of the arrangements for this Ball, all upper-ten (hoop)-dom will be there—and ladies will float about (not *flout* about, Mr. Type-setter) in perfect spheres of gauze, silk, and ecstatic enjoyment.

GAS METERS.—A bill has been introduced by Mr. Smith into the Legislature of this State, to provide for the inspection and sealing of gas meters. This inspection, where air meters are concerned, might be sufficient—and, where water or spirit meters are used, would be far from useless. But, in the latter case, no inspection of meters will amount to a great deal, unless the consumer himself regularly inspects the quantity of water or spirits put in quarterly. We would suggest to Mr. Smith, to add a section to his bill, making the over-filling of the water and spirit meters by the agents of the gas companies, a finable offence.

STATISTICS OF SPIRITUALISM.—The Spiritual Register for 1860, says, there are 1,537,000 Spiritualists in the United States, and 63,000 in Canada, Cuba, and South America. In several States the figures are as follows:—in New York, 420,000; in Ohio, 200,000; in Illinois, 100,000; in Massachusetts, 150,000; in Michigan and Wisconsin, 80,000 each; in Maine, 150,000; in Missouri, 32,000; and in Pennsylvania, 40,000. In addition to these, 5,000,000 "nominal believers" are claimed.

As the above seems to be principally guess work, we may be allowed to guess that, in order to swell the numbers to those given, that large class of "spiritualists" are counted in, who are in the habit of seeing their *spirits* in a glass, sometimes single, and sometimes double.

PHILADELPHIA THE HEALTHIEST CITY IN AMERICA.—At a meeting of the Sanitary Association of New York, Dr. Griscom showed that Philadelphia, instead of Providence, as had long been conceded, was the healthiest city in the country. The number of persons dying there was less in proportion, as he had satisfied himself.

In view of the above fact, we would suggest that all persons residing in the other cities of the Union, who are not yet quite prepared to die, would act wisely in making Philadelphia their home.

☞ Col. Samuel D. Patterson, one of the proprietors of THE POST about ten years ago, died recently at his residence near Perkiomen bridge, in Montgomery county.

New Publications.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

Most of us are opposed to the Woman's Rights movement, but we all are willing to concede woman's right to a fair day's work and a fair day's wages. The plea for such a right is made with sense and eloquence in a little book, with pomegranate-red covers, and colored inside like those pomegranates of Browning's which Elizabeth Barrett said

> —"if split deep down the middle
> Show a heart within blood-tinctured with a veined humanity."

It is entitled WOMAN'S RIGHT TO LABOR, OR LOW WAGES AND HARD WORK, BY CAROLINE H. DALL. (Walker, Wise & Co.) Mrs. Dall, like many a woman whose name is radiant and famous, has lectured; and this book consists of three of her lectures which were originally delivered with great acceptation, to Boston audiences. Cast now into book-form, they still pre-suppose the presence of a Boston audience, which is a fault; but nevertheless there is great store of matter in them fit for cosmopolitan consideration. For in them, as in the magic mirror of the Lady of Shalott, "shadows of the world appear"—the world of which we all know too little and care too little. One is—multitudes of women driven to lives of shame by low wages, love of dress and disgust at labor—three reciprocal causalities all working to the one end. It is a dark shadow, and it walks through all the civilized world. Another is—the public causing this evil, Duchatelet and Dr. Sanger say, by excluding women from a number of employments for which they are fitted, and inadequately remunerating them for the work they do. Then arises the question of woman's capacity, and here comes trooping past the great host of capable and famous women whose deeds or names have been commemorated. There are the Chinese women who do the farm work, year out and year in, although "constitutionally disqualified for action;" there are the women in Calcutta who do the mason-work, and those of the Bombay Ghauts who tunnel out the mountains for the English railways; there are the West India negresses laboring in the fields, the German peasant-girls tilling the soil, the English women working in the mines, the Carib wives managing the plantation, freighting the vessel with produce to Belize, and hiring their husbands to help them; the multitudes of women, in short, all over the world, who do the hardest manual labor. If anybody says that such is not fit work for women, anybody may answer, yes, but they are able to do it. Sometimes too they choose to do it. The case is cited of thirty girls who last year in Ohio, went from farm to farm, hoeing, ploughing, and the like, for sixty-two and a-half cents a day. Another case is that of the Misses Miller at Media, here in Pennsylvania, who raise grain and hay on their own farm of three hundred acres, working mostly themselves. Then again, Miss Scofield at Wilmington, Delaware, who has a turning establishment with a steam-engine, who taught her two oldest brothers the trade, and has now a young brother and two young sisters in apprenticeship, and who makes spindles and fliers for cotton-mills, water-rams and carriage axles, and clears sixty dollars a week when times are good! There's a nineteenth century woman for you! But she is not alone in the world, or the world's history. There are the inventors—the women who belong to the history of the arts—like the nameless ones who invented the spindle, the distaff, the needle and the scissors; or like Madame Boivin, who invented beautiful obstetrical instruments; Madame Ducoudray the inventor of the manikin; Madame Breton the inventor of the system of artificial nourishment for babes; Mesdames Morandi and Biheron, who first used wax for medical illustration; Madame Rondet, who invented an instrument for restoring patients in asphyxia; Madame Dutillet who invented artificial marble; Madame Bex, who invented water-proof cement; Mrs. Marshall who made more than ten thousand experiments till she succeeded in making a better marble than that of Madame Dutillet; Madame Isabelle, who invented the system of horse-breaking now in use in all the French schools of cavalry; "and many others too numerous to mention." Besides these, what a vast assemblage of female notabilities and capabilities crowds up on the eye. There is Queen Bertha, of the Transjurane, who in the tenth century built the vine-clad terraces of the Jura, opened the old Roman roads through the Alps, and devised the modern ocular telegraph. There is the Tyrolese guard of women who marched the French and Bavarian prisoners in 1809, from Steinach to

Schwatz, and from thence to Salzburg, and never let a man escape. There is Anna Gurney, the lovely cripple, who living on the English coast, bought, at her own expense, Manby's apparatus for saving the lives of seamen, and when a shipwreck occurred, was wheeled in her invalid's chair over the strand, directing the operations for the rescue and recovery of the half-drowned men. There are Charlotte Nesbit, Marianne Williams, Mary Byfield, Mary and Elizabeth Clint, the English wood engravers, and Angelica Kauffman, famous for her work on steel. There is Maria Mitchell the astronomer, Mrs. Somerville the scientifician, Mrs. John Stuart Mill, the political economist, to whose memory her great husband dedicates his last volume, in language whose touching beauty has hardly a parallel in dedicatory literature. And there is Rosa Bonheur among the painters—the equal of Landseer; Felicie de Fauveau, artist in bronze and jewels, the first in the world, and without a peer in history save Benvenuto Cellini; Properzia dei Rossi, carver in wood, so eminent that Bologna and Modena wrangle to this day for the honor of her birth; Elizabeth Sirani, engraver, whose pictures from Guido connoisseurs call masterpieces; Mistress Dr. Heidenrich, of Darmstadt, when alive, "one of the first living authorities" in the science of midwifery, says the *London Athenæum*; a graduate of Gottingen, not by favor, but by merit, and a most eminent scholar in medicine. All these achievers with their achievements, and many more, lend force to Mrs. Dall's argument, which is addressed to men for women, and also to women for themselves. It is easy enough to differ with Mrs. Dall in many points she urges, as well as to object decidedly to some of her assertions and conclusions; but it is not easy to disagree with her general argument, or refuse the justice she asks in the name of the griefs and glories of her sex. Sir Boyle Roche once inquired in the British Parliament, why we should do anything for posterity, since posterity had never done anything for us. We can hardly make a similar plea against assisting to advance the condition of women. We must rather think with another Irishman, Sheridan, who said that our own condition was improved with the improvement of woman's, and that therefore we ought to do everything in our power to make hers perfect.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

LIFE WITHOUT AND LIFE WITHIN: OR REVIEWS, NARRATIVES, ESSAYS AND POEMS. By MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI. EDITED BY HER BROTHER, ARTHUR B. FULLER. Brown, Taggard & Chase, Boston.

THE STORY OF OUR DARLING NELLIE. J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston.

THE GOSPEL IN BURMAH. By MRS. MACLEOD WYLIE. Sheldon & Co., New York.

THE LEISURE MOMENTS OF MISS MARTHA HAINES BUTT, A. M. E. D. Long, New York.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW. January. Leonard, Scott & Co., New York. W. B. Zieber, Philadelphia.

THE HORTICULTURIST. Saxton, Barker & Co., New York. W. B. Zieber, Philadelphia.

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD. By THOMAS HUGHES. Part 3. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

☞ A FRIEND IN NEED.—"I say," said a worthy fellow to his friend, "do you know that Jones said you were not fit to clean his shoes?" "Did he?" was the reply, "I hope you defended me." "Yes; that I did!" "Well, how did you do it?" "Of course I said you were!"

☞ If a great change is to be made in human affairs, the minds of men will be fitted to it; the general opinions and feelings will draw that way. Every fear and hope will forward it; and then they who persist in opposing this mighty current in human affairs, will appear rather to resist the decrees of Providence itself, than the mere designs of men. They will not be resolute and firm, but perverse and obstinate.—*Burke.*

☞ SHIP MUSIC.—The strain of its timbers. *Vanity Fair.*

☞ A COMMERCIAL PROBLEM.—If oranges can be purchased for a penny a *piece*, how much would a whole one cost.

☞ FUNNY ILLUSTRATION.—A writer in Blackwood says:—"As the Russian prince danced all night, not because he was fond of dancing, or was in love with his partner in the dance, but because he wanted to perspire, prize essays are valuable, not because they are worth reading, or because their enormous distribution can do much good, but because they make their writers think and master their stores of knowledge."

☞ It is very wonderful to see persons of the the best sense passing away a dozen hours together in shuffling and dividing a pack of cards, with no other conversation but what is made up of a few game phrases, and no other ideas but those of black or red spots ranged together in different figures. Should not a man laugh to hear any one of his species complaining that life is short?—*Spectator.*

☞ He is truly well bred who knows when to value and when to despise those national peculiarities which are regarded by some with so much observance. A traveller of taste at once perceives that the wise are polite all the world over, but that fools are only polite at home.—*Goldsmith.*

☞ A FASHIONABLE LADY DESCRIBED GEOMETRICALLY.—(Seen from behind.)—Conical, base equal to seven-tenths the axis—four voluted zones, equidistant on the planes of the sides—cone truncated one nodule from theoretical apex, with a warped surface placed diagonally upon the parabola of truncation, intersected by the quadrant of a sphere, and it again by irregular polygonal planes, of half the diameter of the sphere, sloping downwards in the angle of the co-sine of the longitude of the figure.—*Irish Paper.*

☞ Every quality that goes to make a perfect woman, is required of her who presumes to undertake the education of one single little child.

☞ "That was a severe coughing fit," remarked a sexton to an undertaker, when they were taking a glass together. "Oh, 'tis nothing save a little ale which went down the wrong way," replied the undertaker. "Ah, ah, that's just like you," said the sexton, "you always lay the coffin on the bier."

LETTER FROM PARIS.

CHRISTMAS TREES—LA FETE DES ROIS—A BEAN AMONG THE PROPHETS—HORSES IN CLOVER—WHAT EMPERORS HAVE TO PUT UP WITH—OBLIGING TO FRIENDS—A CHINESE INVENTION—MOTHER AND SON.

PARIS, Jan. 12, 1860.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—

The series of *fetes* that mark the period of the year just over, has been terminated, as usual, by the Twelfth Night parties, at which the time-honored cake which figures on this occasion has been cut up with the usual amount of frolic and laughter.

The number of "Christmas trees" got up this year for the little people who so greatly affect this species of vegetation, has been unusually great. An entertainment has been got up especially for the juveniles in the Circus Napoleon, which was crowded with delighted little faces. The Theatre Seraphin, intended for children, and in which all the actors are children, has also been rejoicing in overflowing audiences of little people; and the Empress, a few days since, had these young performers at the Tuileries, where a large assemblage of children was collected. As to the Prince Imperial, he is said to have been excessively delighted with the performance; laughing and clapping his hands with the greatest enthusiasm. As for Old Christmas Day, viz.: Twelfth Day, as it is called in England, and the King's Day, as it is called here, it has been celebrated in France since the earliest days of the monarchy. Twelfth Day cakes are mentioned in a charter of the year 1311, signed by the Bishop of Amiens. When the observance of this day was first introduced, every family made its own bread; but when bakers began to be employed, people went to them for their cakes also, until the pastry-cooks, in 1717, claimed the exclusive privilege of making them, and obtained a decree from the Parliament, forbidding the bakers to mix eggs or butter in their dough. The custom of drawing a bean (or a ring, in England,) was observed at the table of the French kings. Anne of Austria, mother of Louis XIV., who was very devout, despite her innumerable gallantries, always had portions of the cake cut for the Virgin and the Infant Jesus, and given to the poor.

"In 1649," writes Madame de Motteville, "the Queen, to amuse the King, ordered a cake, which she cut up herself, and honored my sister and me by giving us a slice. We made her Majesty Queen of the feast, because the bean fell to the portion of the cake that fell to the Virgin. The Queen ordered a bottle of hypocras to be brought, and be drank to her Majesty's health. When her Majesty raised the cup to her lips, we all cried, 'The Queen drinks!'" In 1684, Twelfth Night was celebrated with great splendor by Louis XIV. There were five tables; one for the princes and lords, and four for the ladies. A cake was cut up, and a King or Queen chosen at each. The King sent ambassadors to felicitate the new sovereigns on their accession, and to make treaties with them. Much wit was displayed in the speeches of the ambassadors, and the King was so much amused that he gave a similar *fete* the following week. Twelfth-Cakes [illegible] Twelfth Night, when Louis XV. and the last three kings, his grandsons, were present, the bean happened to be cut into three pieces, which has been considered as a prophetic announcement of the successive reigns of the three brothers. The upper part, first separated, presaged the tragic death of the young Duke de Berry, afterwards Louis XVI.; the lower being broken, was the symbol of the fall of the monarchy, in the reign of the last of the three, Charles X.

How few of those who have been celebrating Christmas with so much zeal and devotion, from one end of Europe to the other, seem to remember, amidst the too common feeling of ill-will with which the modern descendants of the Hebrews are regarded, that the Master they profess to follow, and his Mother, were as truly Jews, as are the descendants of their fellow countrymen in our own day. Were this fact more clearly remembered, we should perhaps not have to chronicle an occurrence which has just taken place at Myslowicz, a frontier town of Prussian Poland. The heroine in this case was a Jewess, who, having become the mother of an illegitimate child by a Christian, had the boy circumcised, and resolved to bring him up in the Jewish faith. One day, the police came to the mother's house, intending to force her child from her, in order to bring it up in the Christian religion. A most exciting scene now ensued. The despairing mother, her infant in her arms, rushed from her dwelling, and fled out of the town, hotly pursued by the police, like a hare with the dogs behind her. On, on she sped, towards the Russian frontier, her pursuers constantly gaining upon her, until she reached the brink of the river that forms the boundary between the two countries. No bridge spanned the stream; no friendly boat pulled from the shore. The fate of the child seemed certain, for the police had all but laid their hands on the breathless mother. But no, her infant was not to be thus snatched from her. With the courage of despair she plunged into the flood, and holding the child aloft with one hand, she, with the other, swam across the river, and reached the opposite bank, whither her pursuers dared not follow her. The iniquity of these cruel proceedings is enhanced by the fact that, as the Christian neither supported nor even recognized the child, he had clearly forfeited all paternal rights, and also by the injustice of the Prussian law, which, while it enacts that in all other cases of illegitimacy, the child is to be brought up in the religion of the mother, prescribes that, in the case of Jews, the child shall be brought up in the Christian religion, if either the father or the mother are Christian. Roused by the touching nature of the incident just narrated, a large number of Prussian congregations have petitioned the Government for a repeal of this unnatural and iniquitous law.

But to return to Paris and its doings: the first of the regular winter series of Court Balls was given last night at the Tuileries, and was a very splendid affair. In fact, the "Democratic Sovereign" now supreme in Europe, either from individual taste for glitter, or because he believes in its dazzling effect on his fellow-creatures, keeps up a magnificence of state by which the old monarchs, with their system of rapacity and wastefulness, are quite thrown into the shade. Take for instance the department of vehicles and horses, in which the old Kings, though lavishing more money on certain objects, were far from being so well supplied; and in fact, among the many series of apartments contained in the Louvre, as now finished by the energetic ruler who occupies the throne of this unstable country, the portion of the buildings devoted to the Imperial stables are not the least curious or interesting. These buildings have the form of an oblong square, divided into two courts, called the Cour Coulaincourt, and the Cour Visconti. The two sides run parallel to the river. In the left of the Cour Coulaincourt is the first stable, divided into fourteen stalls for saddle horses. Adjoining is a second stable, containing ten boxes, and a place for washing. The architecture and decoration correspond with that of the other parts of the building, the internal ornamentation being in the Italian style. Gas lamps are suspended from the roofs; and water is abundantly furnished by cocks. The interest attached to these stables is increased by the celebrity of their inmates. One of the horses is *Buckingham*, which the Emperor rode at Magenta; another is *Ajax*, which he rode at Solferino. Here are also *Perceval*, *Hamilton*, and *Ploughboy*, the Emperor's favorite hunters. Here also is the stall of *Cuningham*, the horse which the Emperor gave to the King of Sardinia, and which the latter returned to Louis Napoleon at the end of the war, saying that he "could find no more valuable present to make to his ally." The gallery into which the visitor enters after passing the washing place is about 300 feet long by 14 wide. It has a row of stalls on either side, and accommodates 82 horses. When lighted up at night the effect of this gallery is most striking. Among the horses to be seen here is the fine carriage one, *Orphee*, who has survived the fourteen wounds it received before the Opera-House, in January, 1858, when its companion was killed. The ground-floor of the two other sides of the parallelogram is fitted up as coach-houses, harness-rooms, and other offices. In the coach-house on the east side, in the Cour Visconti, are 12 ordinary state-carriages, and on the west side 50 of different kinds. Over these ground floors are apartments for the grooms, postilions, stable boys, and other persons connected with the department.

All the carriages are very handsome; but the most elegant is the grand state one, which is magnificent. The body is almost entirely composed of the finest plate-glass; it is lined with rich white satin, covered with gold bees, and the straps and cords are of gold lace. The border round the roof of the carriage is in bronze, finely chased and richly gilt, and forms ciphers and crowns mixed with laurel and oak leaves; a gilt eagle is at each corner. The wheels and every other part of the carriage are of equal magnificence, and in perfect keeping with the body. This carriage cost 90,000 francs. One still more magnificent than the above is at the palace of Trianon, the favorite retreat of Marie Antoinette, at the farther extremity of the Park of Versailles; this carriage was used by the Emperor at his marriage. It was used at the coronation of Charles X., and the repairing of it alone cost 300,000 francs. This splendid chariot is completely gilt in every part. On the panels of the doors are the arms of the dynasty, surmounted by the crown, and surrounded by the cordon of the Legion of Honor. The other panels are ornamented with symbolical figures; all the paintings were executed by Isabey. The total weight of this carriage exceeds 6,500 kilogrammes, or about 13 tons.

The Imperial stud is composed of from 300 to 320 horses—saddle, carriage, and post-horses—distributed in five different establishments, viz.:—at the Louvre, the Tuileries, the Rue Montaigne, Rue de Monceaux, and Saint Cloud. The active service is at the Louvre; the private service at the Tuileries. At the Rue Montaigne are the saddle-horses of the Empress, and a number of carriage-horses. Saddle and carriage-horses are also kept in the Rue Morceaux; and the infirmary is also established there. At Saint Cloud, horses for different purposes are always kept. The horses when turned out to grass, are sent to Meudon; and the breeding stud is at the Emperor's farm of Villeneuve l'Etang. The saddle-horses are all English; the posting-horses all Norman; the carriage-horses are English and Norman.

The carriages, one hundred and eighty in number, are kept at the Louvre, the Tuileries, and the Rue Montaigne. The State-carriages are at Trianon. The new stables on the Quai d'Orsay, facing the Pont d'Alma, will be capable of containing three hundred horses, and will receive those of the Empress, the Prince Imperial, and the reserve of His Majesty. The stables of the Louvre, were begun by Visconti, and finished by Lefuel. More than three hundred men are employed as coachmen, grooms, &c. The most perfect order, and strictly military system and precision prevail in every part, and the entire arrangement of this department of the Imperial affairs excites the admiration of every one competent to form an opinion on the subject.

The service of the Royal stables was always considered as of great importance under the old monarchies, and required much technical aptitude and knowledge. General Fleury, who is now at the head of this department, was selected on this account by the Emperor, one of whose most intimate friends he is. The gallant General, however, though he may be both a good judge of horses, and a good soldier, is certainly not an economical or trustworthy servant of his Imperial master. He is terribly given to play, and, moreover, plays deep, though generally unlucky in his pursuit of the fickle goddess who rules the destiny of gamesters. Not many months ago, as I learn from an officer of the Imperial household who was privy to the affair from beginning to end, the Emperor sent General Fleury to England to purchase horses to the amount of 100,000 francs, which the General took over with him in his pocket-book. Arrived in London, he could not resist the temptation afforded by the actual presence of this money, played, and lost every *sou* of the amount. Unable to replace the sum thus lost, the General at length decided to confide the story of his misdeeds to the Emperor, who thereupon sent him a second hundred thousand, desiring him to purchase the horses, and return to Paris at once. But the General's ruling passion, once more got the better of him; he staked this remittance at the gaming-table, as he had done the first, and lost the whole of it. Not daring to return to France without the horses he was sent to purchase, the General addressed himself to a well-known dealer, procured the animals, and had them immediately shipped for Paris, by way of Boulogne. The horse-dealer, who expected to be paid as soon as the animals were delivered, presented himself the following day at the General's lodgings, supposing he would receive, then and there, the amount due for them. Finding that the horses were already sent to Paris, and that the General was gone with them, the dealer instantly despatched, through the heads of the London police, a telegraphic message to the police-authorities of Boulogne, ordering the seizure of the horses as soon as they reached that port. This order was, of course, carried into effect; and the horses were stopped as soon as the boat touched land. The dealer followed his lost property by the next boat; and took possession of them on landing. Meantime, the Emperor, surprised at the non-arrival of the expected animals, interrogated the General—who had arrived in Paris—as to the cause of this delay; when the unfaithful steward was obliged to confess the truth. The Emperor, who was probably already aware of the "weak side" of his First Aid-de-Camp, immediately transmitted a third amount of 100,000 francs to Boulogne; the energetic dealer was paid for his horses, and the animals were sent on to Paris, where they arrived without any farther adventure.

But this is not the only "piquant" story connected with the Imperial stables, told of the gallant General by those who know him, and confirmatory of the impression that their direction might possibly be confided to better hands. Some years since, the Emperor, then President of the late Republic, bought a pair of horses which he was much delighted with. Horses were cheaper then than they are now; and the sum of ten thousand which he paid for them was considered to be a good round sum, though they would fetch more to-day.—A friend of mine, one of the best judges of horseflesh in France, says this pair was the most beautiful he has ever seen. General Fleury was even then high in Louis Napoleon's favor, and had already begun to busy himself about his horses. He was also very desirous just then of obliging Mlle. Rachel, who was always fond of getting beautiful things for a fraction of their value. The General consequently informed the President, not long after the purchase of these horses, that the animals were not sound; that they were ill-broken, and that it was impossible to get them to work well in harness, and that it would be better to have them put up at auction, and sold for what they would fetch. The President consented; the beautiful animals, a pair of "jewels" in all respects, were sold by auction, and Mlle. Rachel, previously informed, by the General, of the matter, bought them for a tithe of their value. An ingenious method, at all events, of obliging a lady without (pecuniary) cost to oneself!

Ingenuity, however, is not confined to courts, or, indeed, to even the clever French people, as is shown by an incident, just made public, in the history of the rise and progress of that important element of masculine dress, the hat. A M. Botta—son of one of the professors at the Academy of Caen, an intrepid traveller and devoted archæologist, and one of the discoverers of the ruins of Nineveh, undertook a journey to China, some time previous to 1830, and lived for some time at Canton. He wore there a European beaver hat, which suited him so well that he was unwilling to change it, and yet, the hat being at length worn out, he was compelled to address himself to a Chinese hatter for a substitute. He left his old hat with the Chinaman, gave him all sorts of directions, and desired him to make him one as much like it as possible. The hatter went to work, and brought him, a few days afterwards, a hat of the required shape; not of beaver, but of something very soft and glossy. On his return to France, M. Botta preserved this curious specimen of Chinese ingenuity with great care; and wishing to have it repaired, entrusted it to a French hatter, who seemed much struck with its mode of fabrication, which was altogether new to him. He examined the article with the greatest attention; and a short time afterwards, the present fashion of silk hats came in. The inventor patented his discovery, and made a large fortune; but held his tongue about his indebtedness to the Chinese tradesman, who, seeking a substitute for the beaver, which he could not procure, devised the plan of replacing it by the light tissue of silk which now constitutes, almost universally, the outer covering of the modern hat. The honor of this ingenious substitution belongs, however, to the Chinese hatter so entirely lost sight of by his French imitator.

QUANTUM.

☞ Irving used to tell a story illustrative of the Yankee talent at "making things pay." A man who sent turkeys to market also swept chimneys for a living—tying a cord round the neck of the bird so as not to choke it too suddenly, and then drawing it up and down the chimney, so that the flutter of the expiring struggle might do the sweeping.

☞ When a man's fancy gets astride on his reason, when his imagination is at cuffs with his senses, and common understanding, as well as common sense, is kicked out of doors, the first proselyte he makes is himself; and when that is once compassed, the difficulty is not so great in bringing over others; a strong delusion always operating from without, as vigorously as from within. For cant and vision are to the ear and the eye, the same that tickling is to the touch.—*Swift.*

☞ PHRENOLOGY RIGHT FOR ONCE.—A Phrenologist has been examining Washington's head, and says that he finds the bump of adhesiveness was sadly deficient, if it existed there at all. In justice, however, to this gentleman, we must state, that the head under examination was a Postage-Stamp.

NEWS ITEMS.

HYDROPHOBIA FROM THE USE OF A MAD COW'S MILK.—The Milwaukie News says the members of a family residing near that city have lately evinced unmistakable signs of hydrophobia, caused by the use of milk from a cow which was bitten some time since by a mad dog.

A FREE COLLEGE.—The Trustees of Columbia College are said to be considering the expediency of throwing it open, without restriction to the free admission of students from every part of the United States. Columbia College possesses means sufficiently ample to carry out this liberal project.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

IT IS suggested by Lieut. Morrison, R. N., that the discovery of so many planets, which have not heretofore been detected, is in support of the theory held by some astronomers that these bodies are thrown off by the sun.

EXPECTED RE-APPEARANCE OF THE COMET OF 1556.—Professor Lovering, in one of his late astronomical lectures before the Lowell Institute, said that the great comet of 1556, which caused the abdication of Charles the Fifth of Spain, is confidently expected to re-appear during the present year, and French astronomers are even now on the look out for it. If no error has been made in the revised calculations, it will probably be seen from this planet during the fall of 1860.

HABITUAL DRUNKENNESS.—It has been legally decided by Judge Balcolm, of Tompkins county, N. Y., on an indictment of selling liquor to a person "guilty of habitual drunkenness," that a man who gets drunk once a month for a year or more is to be deemed guilty of habitual drunkenness.

SKATING AT BOSTON.—The Bostonians are enjoying a series of skating contests on the Park in that city. On the 4th inst., the match was for ladies, once round the course, or one-half mile, and was won by Mrs. George Farnham, of Lowell; time 2 59; she receiving the first prize of a silver goblet, valued at $25. The second prize was won by Miss Addie Fogg, of Boston; time 3 11—a beautiful pair of Murphy's rockers. The second race was of five miles for gentlemen, the prizes being—1st, a silver goblet, valued at $35; 2d, a pair of Murphy's skates. The first prize was won by George E. Lawrence, and the second by Emery Lawrence.

SMOKE-CONSUMING LOCOMOTIVE.—The Superintendent of the workshops of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Altoona has introduced an improvement in one of the locomotives of that road, which consumes the smoke. So that instead of the vast volume of smoke which the ordinary locomotive belches forth at every revolution, a little steam only is seen escaping from this invention. In consuming the smoke, a great saving of fuel is effected. It made the run from Altoona—a distance of 117 miles—upon 25 bushels of coal, maintaining a high rate of speed all the time, and evincing the possession of extraordinary power.

WILLIAM E. BURTON, the distinguished comedian, died in New York, on the 10th, in the fifty-seventh year of his age.

THE most astonishing Western hunter was Lord Gore, who remained nearly three years on the plains, and the plateau of the table lands between the Sierra Madre and the Sierra Nevada. His retinue consisted of thirty men, sixty horses, large baggage and provision trains, tons of ammunition, and $10,000 worth of improved firearms.

THE House of Representatives of Pennsylvania, has passed an act fixing the standard weight of cloverseed at sixty pounds, instead of sixty-four, which makes the weight correspond with the standard fixed in adjoining States. Some opposition was manifested: but Mr. Crane, who had the bill in charge, explained that it was demanded by the farmers as a protection against the sharp practice of New York traders, and in a brief speech he put it in such a favorable light that it had a large majority.

VISIT FROM THE PRINCE OF WALES.—The Toronto Globe has a long article expressing great satisfaction in anticipation of the visit of the [illegible] heir apparent, though a mere youth, will undoubtedly create a great sensation both in Canada and the United States, provided he "behaves himself."

USE OF MONEY IN ELECTIONS.—The Canadians are not much behind "the old country people" at home, in the lavish use of money in elections. Both Canada and Great Britain are far ahead of the United States as respects this sort of thing. The Toronto correspondent of the Markham Economist says that Hon. G. W. Allen's election expenses were $21,000, Romain's $15,000. The latter, he says, is nearly ruined.

THE California Overland Express contemplates bringing San Francisco within a week's communication of Philadelphia—by means of mail and telegraph. To perform the trip in eight days, the proprietors estimate that they will have to accomplish a maximum speed of eight miles an hour.

PERILOUS ADVENTURE.—On the 30th ult., the East Saginaw (Mich.) Courier says, a party of ladies and gentlemen visited Saginaw Bay for the purpose of seeing the Indians and others fish for trout. The ice on which the party were broke adrift from the rest, and was drifted by the wind about fourteen miles, when they fortunately grounded on Squaw Point, and thence reached the shore with their sleigh and horses. Had the wind been in another direction, they would have drifted out into Lake Huron.

ENGLISH RAILROADS.—The longest railway line in England is the London and Northwestern, 940 miles; the Northeastern is 746. Eight railroads have their termination in London, and their gross receipts are close upon $1,000,000 per week. The total railroad receipts in Great Britain are $2,500,000 per week. The total investments in these roads are $1,913,413,757.

TWIN CHILDREN BORN IN DIFFERENT YEARS.—The following announcement is from a Scottish paper:—"At Silverhillocks, Gamrie, the wife of Charles Wilson, of twin daughters, one born on the 31st December, 1859, and the other on January 1st, 1860."

POLYGAMY EXTRAORDINARY.—A very curious trial for polygamy is likely to attract the attention of the gentlemen of the long robe at the next Lent Assizes for Sussex, Eng. A man of no small consideration in Brighton, contracted marriage with five different females, three of whom are sisters, and with all of whom he has continued to cohabit for nearly eight years in town. A disagreement on some points of precedence brought this disgraceful affair to light.—*London Paper.*

A MAN named Travis has been arrested out West for marrying no less than eleven wives.

THE PRIZE FIGHT IN ENGLAND.—It is stated that the authorities in London are about to adopt measures for preventing the fight between Tom Sayers and the Benicia Boy (Heenan.) It is also asserted that negotiations are pending for an appearance of Heenan at the Alhambra Palace, London, the admission to the show being quite as exorbitant as that charged by Mr. Rarey.

NEW DISCOVERY IN THE MANUFACTURE OF IRON.—The Clarion Democrat states that Mr. P. Kerr, of St. Charles Furnace, has discovered a system for making iron from raw bituminous coal, which is spoken of highly by those acquainted with its merits. He states that the iron thus made is fully equal to the best charcoal manufactured iron, while it costs some six or eight dollars per ton less.

MRS. CATHARINE DOUGLAS, late of Lansingburgh, died in that village last week at the advanced age of *one hundred and one years*—She was born in Saratoga county, in 1759; moved to what is now called Speigletown in 1776, and experienced all those difficulties and hair-breadth escapes common during Burgoyne's invasion.

A VIRGINIA Postmaster having refused to deliver an Ohio paper called "The Religious Telescope" to its subscribers, the Postmaster General wrote and warned him that under the *Virginia* statute, where a single copy of any particular newspaper contains matter decided by the State authorities to be incendiary in its character, it does not, therefore, follow that any subsequent numbers of the same paper are to be condemned for that cause, but *every number of the paper must be acted upon and disposed of separately.*

THERE are stories going the round to the effect that Lord Macaulay's MSS. of the intended next two volumes of his History are illegible. The fact is that the fifth volume is quite finished and right. It abounds in interest, chiefly of the Queen Anne period, and of the contests respecting the privileges of the Lords and Commons, with descriptions of the inner life of the country never before published, or, indeed, discovered. Volume six is so far advanced as only to need a little arrangement from Lord Macaulay's great friend, Mr. Ellis, who is left his literary executor.

LARGE DECREASE.—The Oswego (N. Y.) Times has issued its annual statement of the commerce of the Lakes, which shows that by converting flour into wheat, the total amount shipped from Lake regions, eastward, over Lake Ontario, in 1859, was 15,800,003 bushels, against 21,000,800 in 1858. The shipments by other routes leading to the seaboard show a considerable decrease compared with 1858.

A NEW machine for planing the surface of ice was applied on Friday, for the first time on Salisbury Pond, Conn. The machine works well, taking off an inch, and leaving the ice smooth for skating.

MRS. BROWNING'S admirers will be glad to hear that Messrs. C. S. Francis & Co., have now in press, from the sheets furnished them in advance of publication, a new volume of poems by that lady. A new poem by Dr. Charles Mackay, entitled, "A Man's Heart," will be brought out by Messrs. Smith & Elder, in 1 vol. 12mo.

HAWTHORNE'S New Romance, "St. Hilda's Shrine," is advertised by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, of Boston, and Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., in London.

A LITTLE work is announced by Miss Florence Nightingale, which, it is to be hoped, indicates the writer's restoration to health. It is entitled "Notes on Nursing, What it is, and What it is Not."

AT the last ball at the Tuileries it was remarked that several ladies, and among them the Princess de Metternich, the Princess Murat, and Mme. Agnado, appeared without crinoline, and with dresses rather short in the waist, somewhat in the style of those of the first Empire.

A MADAM HOWARD, celebrated for her intimacy with the French Emperor previous to his marriage, and on whom he bestowed a handsome income immediately previous to that event, afterwards married the son of Sir John Trelawny, the Welsh Baronet; and now, after a separation of some time from her husband (on whom she had settled by contract about £2,000 a year,) the lady is taking measures to secure a divorce. Unless hushed up, the case will bring up past circumstances not at all agreeable for high personages.

THE very best fisherman on Lake Ontario is an old monomaniac, popularly known as "Commodore." His recollection of what passed before his lunacy is entirely obliterated. His theory of advent into this world is that he was, at about the age of 700 years, ejected from the planet Jupiter for some violation of the laws in that orb, and, on recovering from the effects of that tremendous fall found himself on the shores of this lake. At first, he says, the food of this earth did not suit him, he having subsisted before his fall entirely on *electricity*—the only food known in Jupiter! However, after having nearly perished from starvation, he discovered that whiskey and gin so nearly resembled electricity in their effects on his system that he has made shift to support nature by using a plentiful admixture of [illegible] tobacco.

THE DISUNION MOVEMENT OF SOUTH CAROLINA.—*Richmond, February 11.*—Col. Memminger, having waited several weeks in vain for the response of the Legislature to the proposition of South Carolina, has left Richmond for Charleston.

THE project for the annexation of Savoy and Nice to France was being openly alluded to by French semi-official journals as an almost accomplished fact.

SOME French journals report that the duty on French wines imported into England will be only two pence per bottle, or one shilling instead of five shillings and nine pence per gallon, and that silk will be admitted free.

HAZLETT, one of the Harpers' Ferry prisoners, has been found guilty of murder in the first degree. The prisoner received the announcement with the same degree of indifference that has characterized his conduct throughout the trial.

☞ Not long ago, an attorney with considerable "*swell*," but not much brains, went to C——, in Ohio, to "locate." One day, when the post-office was full, awaiting the distribution of the mail, a half-witted fellow stepped up to him in the crowd, and said, "Mr. S——, I am told you have come here to practice law." "Yes, I have." "Well, you will find it a first-rate location. I hadn't lived here four months before I was sued ten times!" "Well, it seems to me I could live here four years without being sued at all," said the lawyer. "I presume you could," returned his half-witted friend; "people here are pretty darned smart; they don't sue a fellow without he's good for the costs!"

☞ CONSOLING.—Losing a small fortune in an unlucky speculation, and all your friends wondering how you could have been "such a fool."

☞ "Boerhave," says Johnson, "was never soured by calumny and detraction, nor ever thought it necessary to confute them; "For," said he, "they are sparks, which, if you do not blow them, will go out of themselves." And, says Cato, "We cannot control the evil tongues of others, but a good life enables us to despise them."

☞ An itinerant minister was preaching on a very sultry day in a small room, and was much annoyed by those who casually dropped in after the service had commenced, invariably closing the door after them. His patience being at length exhausted by the extreme oppressiveness of the heat, he vociferated to an offender, "Friend, I believe if I were preaching in a bottle, you would put the cork in!"

☞ Father of the Cereals.—Pop Corn.—*Vanity Fair.*

☞ "Well, sir, do you entertain my proposition?" asked a spendthrift of a person from whom he wished to borrow some money. "No, sir," was the prompt reply, "but your proposition has entertained me exceedingly."

☞ To arrive at perfection, a man should have very sincere friends, or inveterate enemies; because he should be made sensible of his good or ill conduct, either by the censures of the one, or the admonitions of the others.—*Diogenes.*

THE DUST IN A SUNBEAM.

You must frequently have watched the whirling cloud of dust in the sunbeam aslant a somewhat darkened room; and perhaps were a little staggered at this sudden revelation of the invisible air not being quite so pure as you had imagined. It is true that unless your housemaid is a woman of stern conscientiousness, the mortal enemy of spiders, implacable on the subject of cleanliness—(a housemaid, in short, who never advertises in the Times, but is a tradition of the days that are gone)—you must on more than one occasion have found a layer of dust collected on your books, portfolio, or table, dust piled up in the corner of the picture-frame, dust covering your microscope case, dust gathering in the carvings of the pianoforte legs, dust on the looking-glasses, dust on the windows, dust everywhere. And this you know must have been transported by the atmosphere. But you are not astonished. The atmosphere is an energetic Pickford. It carries clouds of dust on every highway, and sweeps the sands over the fields and hedges. Nay, it is said to catch up quantities of frogs, and whirl them away to distant spots, where they fall like hailstones of a larger growth.—But you are not bound to believe this. Nor need you be more credulous of the showers of herrings which are also recorded. There is evidence enough of the transporting power of the air, without falling into exaggerations. By slow deposits from the air, the temples of Egypt, Greece and Rome are now to a great extent buried below the surface; and you have often to descend a flight of steps to get upon the ancient soil.

It is probable, however, that while you were perfectly familiar with the idea of the atmosphere carrying clouds of dust, on occasions, you never thought of the atmosphere being constantly loaded with dust, which is constantly being deposited, and constantly renewed.—This sunbeam has made the fact visible. It has lighted up the tiny cloud of dust, which we see to be restlessly whirling.

Suppose we examine this dust, and see of what it is composed? Restrain your surprise; the thing is perfectly feasible. The dust was invisible and unsuspected till the revealing sunbeam made us aware of its presence; and now the Microscope, which deals with the invisible, shall reveal its nature. For, in consequence of the united labors of hundreds of patient workers, we can now distinguish with unerring certainty, whether a tiny blood-stain is the blood of a man, a pig, a bird, a frog, or a fish; whether a single fragment of hair is the hair of a mole or of a mouse, of a rabbit or of a cat, of a Celt or of a Saxon; whether a minute fibre is of cotton, or linen, or silk; whether a particle of dust is of flint, chalk, or brick; and we do this with the same precision as if we were distinguishing one animal from another, or one substance from another. If the characters are not sufficiently marked to the eye, we call in the aid of chemical tests. Equipped thus with a knowledge of *marks*, by which to distinguish the separate particles, let us place a layer of dust, large enough to cover the surface of a fourpenny piece, under the Microscope, and begin the examination.

The composition of this dust will always be of two kinds—inorganic and organic, that is to animalcules, or the skeletons and seeds of plants. The mineral particles will, of course, depend on the nature of the soil, and position of the spot whence the dust was derived. It may be swept in from the gravel walks of a garden, from the highroad, or from the busy street. The grinding of vehicles, the wear of busy feet, the disintegration everywhere going on, keeps up a constant supply of dust. The smoke of chimney and factory, steamship and railway, blackens the air with coal-dust. If the rocky coast is not a great way off, we shall find abundance of particles of silica, with sharp angles, sometimes transparent, sometimes yellow, and sometimes black. And this silica will occasionally be in so fine a powdered condition that the granules will look like very minute eggs—for which indeed many microscopists have mistaken them. In this doubt, we have recourse to chemistry, and its tests assure us that we have silica, not eggs, before us. Besides the silica, we may see chalk in great abundance; and if near a foundry, we shall certainly detect the grains of oxide of iron (rust), and not a little coal-dust.

Our houses, our public buildings, and our pavements, are silently being worn away by the wind and weather, and the particles that are thus torn off are carried into the dust-clouds of the air, to settle where the wind listeth and the housemaid neglecteth. The very rocks which buttress our island are subject to incessant waste and change. The waters wash and scrub them, the air eats into them, the mollusc and the polype rasp away their substance; and by this silent, but inevitable destruction, dust is furnished. Curious it is to trace the history of a single particle. Ages ago it was rock. The impatient waves wore away this particle, and dashed it among a heap of sand. The wind caught it in its sweeping arms, and flung it on a pleasant upland. The rain dragged it from the ground, and hurried it along water-courses to the river. The river bore it to the sea. From the sea water it was snatched by a mollusc, and used in the building of his shell. The mollusc was dredged and dissected; his shell flung aside, trampled on, powdered, and dispersed by the wind, which has brought this particle under our Microscope, serving us for a text on which to preach "sermons in stones."

Equally curious is the history of this tiny particle of silk thread. A silkworm feeding tranquilly under the burning sun of India converts some of its digested plant-food into a cocoon of silk, in which it comfortably houses itself for a prolonged siesta. The silk is unwound, is carried to England or France, is there woven into a beautiful fabric, and after passing through many hands, enriching all, it forms part of the dress of some lovely woman, or the neck-tie of some gentlemanly scoundrel. Contact with a rough world, or a stiff shirt-collar, rubs off a minute fibre; the wind carries it away; and, after more wanderings than Ulysses, it comes to the stage of our Microscope. Beside it is a cotton-thread, brilliant in color, of which a similar history might be told; and perhaps, also, there will be the hair of a dog, or of a plant; a fibre of wood, or the scale of a human epidermis; the fragment of an insect's claw, or the shell of an animalcule. Very probably we shall find the spore of some plant which only awaits a proper resting-place, with the necessary damp, to develope into a plant. You must not expect to find all these things in one pinch of dust; but you may find them all, if you examine dust from various places.

There is one thing which will perhaps be found in every place, and in every pinch of dust, and you will be not a little surprised to learn what that is. It is starch. No object is more familiar to the microscopist than the grain of starch. It is sometimes oval, sometimes spherical, and varies in size. The addition of a little iodine gives it a blue color, which disappears under the influence of light. There seems to be no difference between the starch grains found in the dust of Egyptian tombs and Roman temples, and that found in the breakfast-parlor of to-day. They both respond to chemical and physical tests in the same way.

But there is one curious fact which has been observed by M. Pouchet of Rouen, namely, that in examining the dust of many centuries he has sometimes found the starch grains of a clear, blue color; and he asks whether this may not be due to the action of iodine in the air, traces of which M. Chatin says always exist in the air. The objection to this explanation is, that if iodine is always present in sufficient quantities to color starch, the grains of starch should often be colored, whereas no one but M. Pouchet has observed colored grains, and he but rarely.

M. Pouchet tells us that, amazed at the abundance of starch grains which he found in dust, he set about examining the dust of all ages and all kinds of localities—the monuments and buildings of great cities, the tombs of Egyptian monarchs, the palaces of the age of Pharaoh; nay, he even examined some dust which had penetrated the skulls of embalmed animals. In all these places starch was found. But a moment's reflection dispels the marvellousness of this fact. Starch must necessarily abound, because the wheat, barley, rice, potatoes, &c., which form everywhere the staple of man's food, are abundant in starch; the grains are rubbed off, and scattered by the winds in all directions.

So widely are these grains distributed that a careful examination of our clothes always detects them. Nay, they are constantly found on our hands, though unsuspected until their presence on the glass slide under the Microscope calls attention to them. It is only necessary to take a clean glass side, and press a moistened finger gently on its surface, to bring several starch grains into view. Nay, this will be the case after repeated washing of the hands; but if you wash your hands in a concentrated solution of potash, no grains will then be found on pressing the moistened finger on the glass. This persistent presence of starch on our hands is not astonishing when we consider the enormous amount of starch which must be rubbed from our food, and our linen, every instant of the day; and when we consider, on the one hand, the specific lightness of these grains, which enables them to be so easily transported by the air, and, on the other hand, the ordinary causes of destruction, one may safely affirm that in every town or village a cloud of starch is always in the air.

And hereby hangs a tale. Starch is a vegetable substance, and, until a very few years ago, it was believed to have no existence in the animal tissues. But the great pathologist Virchow discovered that in various tissues a substance closely resembling starch was formed, which he considered to be a *morbid* product. The discovery made a great sensation, and many were the ingenious theories started to account for the fact. At last it came to be maintained that starch was a normal constituent of animal tissues; and there is no doubt that investigators might easily find starch in every bit of tissue they handled, since their fingers, as we have seen, are plentifully covered with *grains*. *If*, however, proper precautions be taken not to touch the tissue with the fingers, nor the glass side on which it is placed, no starch will be found. It is because of the starch-clouds in our atmosphere that grains are found on our persons and on almost every microscopical preparation.

But are the starch-clouds all that the sunbeam reveals? By no means. Some *animals* will be found there; not always, indeed, nor very numerously, but enough to create astonishment. And these animals are not insects disporting themselves, they are either dead or in a state of suspended animation. A few skeletons of the infusoria, scales of the wings of moths and butterflies, and fragments of insect-armor, may be reckoned as so much dust; but there is also dust that is alive, or *capable* of living. You want to know what that dust is? It is always to be found in dry gutters on the housetops, or in dry moss growing on an old wall; and Spallanzani, the admirable naturalist to whom we owe so much, amazed the world with announcing what old Leeuwenhoek had before announced, namely, that these grains of dust, when moistened, suddenly exhibited themselves as highly-organized little animals—the Rotifers and Tardigrades. Water is necessary to their activity. When the gutter is dried up, they roll themselves into balls, and patiently await the next shower. *If*, in this dried condition, the wind sweeps them away with much other dust, they are quite contented; let them be blown into a pond, they will suddenly revive to energetic life; let them be blown into dusty corners, and they will patiently await better times. It may happen that the wind will sweep them into your study, and there they will settle on the gilt edges of Rollin's Ancient History, or some other classical work which *every* gentleman's library should be without; and in this position it has a fair chance of remaining undisturbed throughout the long years of your active career. But you die. Your widow has probably but an imperfect provision, and a very imperfect sympathy with Rollin & Co.; your books are sold by auction; the dust is shaken from them, and is blown into the street—from the street into the gutter, or the river, and there the dried Rotifers suddenly revive, to fight, feed, and propagate as of old. It is said that the Rotifer may be dried and revived fifteen times in succession. And if this be so, you may imagine what a history would be that of a single Rotifer under a fortunate juncture of circumstances. It might have seen life in a gutter at Memphis, or a pond at Thebes; been blown as dust to Carthage, and carried as dust to Rome; from thence to Constantinople; and, after being shaken from the robe of Theodora, or the code of Justinian, it might have accompanied the Crusaders to Jerusalem; from which place Mrs. Brown, after a two months' Eastern scamper, might have brought it back to London, where a chance breeze wafted it into the room which the very sunbeam I am discoursing about illuminates. From Memphis to my Microscope, what a course! And during this adventurous course our Rotifer has fourteen times shaken off the cerements of death. Dead? Not he:

I've not been dead at all, says Jack Robinson.

Such are some of the things found in the dust of a sunbeam, and you will probably have been too much astonished at some of the facts to have made the reflection that among all these objects, not a single egg has been named. A few spores of plants are, indeed, frequently found. Knowing that many plants are fertilized by the agency of the wind, one expects to find pollen grains abundant. Indeed, when we consider how rapidly bread, cheese, jam, ink, and the very walls of the room, if damp, are covered with *mould*, which is a plant; when we consider how impossible it is to keep decaying organic substance free from plants and animalcules, which start into existence as by magic, and in millions, we have no difficulty in accepting the hypothesis of an universal diffusion of germs—eggs or seeds—through the atmosphere. No matter where you place organic substance in decay, if the air in never so small a quantity can get at it, mould and animalcules will be produced. Close it in a phial, seal the cork down, take every precaution against admitting more air than is contained between the cork and the surface of the water; and although you may have ascertained that no plants or animalcules, no seeds or eggs, were present when you corked the bottle, in the course of a little while, say three weeks, on opening the bottle you will find it abundantly peopled.

To explain this, and numerous other facts, the hypothesis of an universal diffusion of germs through the air has been adopted; and the known fecundity of plants and animalcules suffices to warrant the belief that millions of millions of germs may be constantly floating through the air. Ehrenberg computes the rate of possible increase of a single infusory, *Paramecium*, at two hundred and sixty-eight millions a month. And it is calculated that the plant named *Bovista giganteum*, will produce four thousand milion of cells in one hour. As the *mould* plants are single cells, and as they multiply by spontaneous division, the rapidity with which they multiply is incalculable.

From all this you see how naturally the idea of universal diffusion of germs has become an accepted fact. If it *is* a fact, we must feel not a little astonished at finding the dust we examine so very abundant in starch, coal, silica, [illegible] mals, and so strangely deficient in this germ-dust! The germs are said to be everywhere; millions upon millions must be diffused through the air; every inch of surface must be crowded with them. Do we find them? We find occasionally pollen grains and seeds. But we find no animalcule eggs, and no animals, except the Rotifers and Tardigrades. We find almost everything but eggs. "Oh!" you will perhaps remark, "that is by no means surprising; if they are diffused in such enormous quantities through the air, it stands to reason that they must be excessively minute, otherwise they would darken the air; and if they are excessively minute, they escape your detective microscope—that's all." Your remark has great plausibility; indeed, it would have overwhelming force, were there not one fatal objection to the assumption on which it proceeds. If the eggs of animalcules *were* so excessively minute, as you imagine them to be, there would be no chance of our detecting them. But it happens that the size of the eggs of those animalcules which are known (and of many we are utterly ignorant,) is, comparatively speaking, considerable; at any rate, the eggs, both from size and aspect, are perfectly recognizable inside the animalcule; and if we can distinguish these eggs when the parent is before us, or when we have crushed them out of her body, it will be difficult to suppose that we could not distinguish them among the other objects in a pinch of dust, when a drop of water has been added.

It will be seen from these remarks that I do not believe in the hypothesis of universal diffusion of germs through the air. I believe that almost all the eggs of animalcules are too easily destroyed to resist desiccation; and that in the air they would become dust and cease to be eggs. At any rate we find no trace of eggs in the air.

The dust which our sunbeam has lighted up is a various and varying cloud of inorganic and organic matters—a symbol of the wear and tear of life—a token of the incessant silent destruction to which the hardest or the most fragile substances are exposed. The sunbeam has not only lighted up that, but many other obscurities, and shown us in what a world of mystery we move.

L.

Advice to Lovers.—No doubt women would be well enough were it not for matrimony. It is only the familiarity of the married state which destroys the illusion of their angelic perfections; but inasmuch as men cannot be content to admire from a distance, the unavoidable evil of closer intimacy should be alleviated as far as possible by wisdom in choosing these lifelong companions. In the first place, men should make their choice while the sun is in the heavens, for the French aver that "by candle-light a gnat looks like a lady;" and the Germans affirm that by "candle-light every country-wench seems handsome."

☞ Wanted.—A rake, by the author of "I've-an-hoe."

A LEGEND OF PEORI.

Air—"Villikins and his Dinah."

A way out near the place where the sun it goes
down,
There stands on the Illinois a nice little town,
It's name is Peori—called after a tribe
Of Injins who used thereabout to reside.
Singing too ral, too loo ral, too, &c.

The Illinois river is there very wide—
About nine miles across when there is a high
tide—
And when there's a freshet, the water is deep,
And it's full of mud turkles, which nibble your
feet.
Singing too ral, &c.

In the times that are gone, a young Injin Queen—
The nicest young creature that ever you seen—
Was once took a captive, by a big Injin chief,
Which gave her much anguish, and brought her to
grief.
Singing too ral, &c.

He brought her to Peori, right up on the bluff,
And sadly abused her and treated her rough,
Saying "you *shall* be my bride, though now I've
got seven,
But she replied, "Nary! I will not by 'even!"
Singing too ral, &c.

This nasty big Injin seized her by the hair,
And loudly did cuss, and wickedly swear,
That *he'd* have his way, and she shouldn't have
her'n,
Or he'd roast her, and eat her, when done to a turn.
Singing too ral, &c.

But when the round moon ris up in the sky,
This young Injin Queen, when no one was by,
Jumped into the river and trusted to luck
To swim clean across it, the lovely young duck.
Singipg too ral, &c.

The big Injin heered her and popped in the water;
She swam and he swam—he thought he had caught
her,
When, suddenly, a turkle sprang out of the mud,
And jerked him right under and all of a sud—
—den, too ral, &c.

She kept on her way for eight miles and a half,
"I've gin him the slip," she thought with a laugh.
When all of a suddent, the cramp seized her, and
She sunk to the bottom on the lily white sand.
Singing too ral, &c.

Every night, on the lake, two turkles come out,
One sighs on a stone, t'other wanders about
Looking for his young victim, by the moon, when
its risen,
The first is *her* sperit and t'other is *his'en*.
Singing too ral, &c.

—*New York Courier.*

A Funny Law.—"Ignorance of the law excuseth no man." Such is the maxim. So far as it is founded upon laws based upon broad moral principles it is just enough. Every man is bound to know that it must be illegal to take the property of another by stratagem or violence, or to commit any similar offence. But when the laws are formed to favor policy alone, the maxim may be unjust. There is an amusing case in point. There is, or at least was, a law in England, that the tailor who made a coat without metal buttons, and the customer who wore it, were each subject to a penalty. In 1854, some one who happened to discover the old statute hid away among the legal lumber, informed upon a tailor whom he did not like, and who had been guilty, in common with all the tailors in Great Britain of this ridiculous offence. The judge who tried the case, the counsel who prosecuted and defended it, the audience who heard it, were all clad in coats unlawfully buttoned, the clerk who recorded the proceedings was in like predicament, and yet the man was fined. For, you see, "ignorance of the law excuseth no man."—*N. Y. Courier.*

A Heart in the Right Place.—"I am wedded, Coleridge, to the fortunes of my sister and my poor old father. Oh, my friend, I think sometimes could I recall the days that were past, which among them should I choose? Not those 'merrier days,' not the 'pleasant days of hope,' not 'those wandering with a fair-haired maid,' which I have so often and so feelingly regretted—but the days, Coleridge, of a mother's fondness for her schoolboy. What would I give to call her back to earth for one day, that I might, on my knees, ask her pardon for all those little asperities of temper which from time to time have given her gentle spirit pain! And the day, my friend, I trust, will come, when there will be 'time enough for kind offices of love,' if 'heaven's eternal year' be ours. Oh, my friend, cultivate the filial feelings! And let no man think himself released from the kind 'charities' of relationship! These are the best foundations for every species of benevolence."—*Charles Lamb.*

Literal.—A teacher in one of our primary schools having explained to her first class that a "*chain* of mountains" was synonymous with a "*range* of mountains," subsequently asked the class the meaning of a *chain* of mountains. A little four-year old, who had been quietly listening, exclaimed, "Oh, teacher, teacher, I know!" "What is it?" asked the teacher. "*A cooking stove!*" responded the four-year old. A cooking stove and a *range* were to her mind one and the same.—*Chelsea Herald.*

TRUST.

Saviour, happy would I be
If I could but trust in Thee—
Trust Thy wisdom me to guide,
Trust Thy goodness to provide,
Trust Thy saving love and power,
Trust Thee every day and hour;

Trust Thee as the only light
In the darkest hour of night;
Trust in sickness, trust in health,
Trust in poverty and wealth;
Trust in joy and trust in grief,
Trust thy promise for relief;

Trust Thy blood to cleanse my soul,
Trust Thy grace to make me whole,
Trust Thee living, dying too—
Trust Thee all my journey through:
Trust Thee till my feet shall be
Planted on the crystal sea.

A SKATING EXPERIENCE.

It was fourteen or fifteen years ago at least, and I was then an eager skater; a student of the higher walks (or rather strokes) of the art of skating; a diligent cultivator of that mystery which is at the root of all advancement in this exercise, the mystic "outside edge."

The Round Pond was crowded to inconvenience. The Round Pond is, as most Londoners know, just in front of Kensington Palace; it is rumored that it was once a gravel pit, and that in consequence its waters are in some parts of very great depth. The number of skaters on this piece of water on the day in question was so great, that there was scarcely a possibility of carrying out a single stroke to completeness. So constant were the collisions between the skaters, and so completely was one's attention absorbed by the necessity of steering clear of other people, that it was hardly possible to enjoy the amusement. I was on the point of giving the thing up and taking off my skates, when it occurred to me that there was one part of the pond on the opposite side, which I had not tried, and which seemed to be less covered with skaters than the other portions of the ice.

Distance is a thing very soon disposed of in skating, and an approach to this more deserted region, was the affair of a very few moments. As I drew nearer, I found that my first impression was not an incorrect one; there *were* fewer people here. Fewer people on all parts of this side of the pond, and just out there where that pole inscribed "Dangerous" had tumbled over on its side, there was no one. What fools the people must be! Are they afraid? Why, the frost has lasted a fortnight, and any one with eyes in his head would see that that "dangerous" pole has been left there, simply because the proper authorities have forgotten to take it away.

Arrested and balked at every stroke as I had been all the morning, the sight of the clear place, where I could practise unmolested, was inconceivably attractive. I was very young, not more than sixteen or seventeen, and my taming days had not begun. Here was good ice in front, and nobody to knock up against me, and behind was bad ice and a crowd of skaters. Pooh! No danger! That board has been there ever since the frost set in.

Most people who have had anything to do with ice, will be aware that that substance is subject to several different kinds of cracks.—There is the melodious, ringing, wholesome crack, which ice of any strength is liable to, and which is not indicative of danger; there is the sharp, rattling crack of thin ice, which certainly does show mischief at hand, but which is not perfectly inconsistent with security; and lastly, there is a crack which he who hears will know by instinct to be a cry of warning, but one which is uttered generally just too late.

I had not philosophized much on cracks, or, indeed, on anything else, at the time I am writing about. I had my skates on, I saw before me a sheet of ice, and I knew that the frost which was making my fingers tingle, dated from a fortnight back. Such ice, too! So black and so smooth! A few more strokes, and what a sweep I shall have over its polished surface! a few more——Hark! *is that man with the life-belt on, calling out to me?* Yes. What's that?

A crack such as I had never heard before, and which sent the knowledge—not the apprehension, but the certainty—into my soul that I was going through the ice. There was not a clear second of time between the crack and the time when the ice gave way under me, and I was in the water. The cruel, treacherous ice broke away as I held to it with my hands, gave with every touch, and made the space which I had broken away, so large, that water was all around me except just in one spot to which I held, but held gently, seeing the thinness of the edge against which my breast was pressing, and knowing that if I moved, this last fragment might go too, and that then I must inevitably sink—I knew not how far; there was no gropnd beneath my feet.

How difficult, too, to keep still; the excessive cold of the water making my chest heave convulsively, and causing me to gasp for breath. How difficult to keep still, with the wicked water sucking at me and pulling and drawing me under, until I felt the *toes of my skates scraping the inside of the ice!*

By this time the cry of "Man in!" reached me from many voices. I hardly expect to be believed, but I have a vivid impression that in that hour of extreme danger, and with death so near, it was a gratification to me to hear that cry, and—I was not seventeen, remember—to be called a "man." I had so often writhed under the insult of being called a "boy" by my elders, that this cry of "Man in!" was, in a dim way, a sort of compliment to me. As I lay in the water with my arms stretched out over the piece of ice on which my life depended, I watched the preparations which were going on for my rescue, with an eagerness which none can know but those who have been in some such position. There was no one near me. The machinery of the Humane Society was all far removed from that place. I was skating alone when I dropped through, and had no friend upon the ice.

Still, that lifting and sucking action of the water beneath me—pulling and drawing at me always. The man with the life-belt, with the long ice-ladder on wheels with the air-barrels at one end of it, and a drag fastened to the side, is hastening towards me from the other side. Can I hold on till he comes? The cold seems arresting my very life within me. Am I going to die? My young life—is it at an end already? Oh, God! why did I ever do anything wrong? The man with the ice-ladder on wheels, has broken in at fifty yards' distance, and cannot get any nearer to me—the ice is rotten all around. Who can come near to help me? A circle far, far off, of frightened people gazing at me—I cannot see their faces—they are making signs to me, but I cannot understand; they are calling out to me, but I cannot hear. And what would they say at home if they could see me now? Would the iceman try harder to save me, if I had a brother there among the crowd to urge them on! A brother! This piece of ice is giving way; the water, which is sucking at me more and more, has got into my clothes; I am lower down than I was, and the ice to which I cling, is sinking! The man who was coming to save me is still in the hole, and other men are trying to get him out. Every one of those Latin exercises, done with the help of a key—and praises lavished on me for them—I lied about them, and said I had no help—I shall die—and the crowd—and that snow figure which the boys have built up is like the clown I saw last night in the pantomime—and the water is creeping over this piece of ice, and my arms are wet—and the ice will be under soon—and the men with the strange machinery are standing aloof, and cannot get to me, and some are running round the bank, and they have ropes—and one has got a drag—but I am sinking now, my hair is wet, and the water pouring down my collar—and when we were at Naples, my father asked me to go out with him one day and to stay with him while he sketched—and a dog would have gone—but I had some plan of my own, and would not go—and he sighed—and I shall die—the men with the ropes upon the bank, and with a ladder—it is tied to the ropes—it is pushed along the ice towards me—a man is crawling along the ladder—but too late, for surely this is death—the voices on the bank—what do they say? The man is not far off—he crawls—so slowly—too late—I cannot hold—I cannot see—or hear—or feel—and I shall—die—

Not then. Saved, to write these words some fifteen years afterwards, and to pause from time to time as I do so, and think how those years have passed. Saved, to remember this rescue for an hour after it happened, and then to go back into the world forgetting it. Saved, to pass through other dangers and to escape other perils; but never, perhaps, to be at such close quarters with death.

I have no distinct recollection—I never had any—of how I was got out of the water. I remember something of crouching beside the man on the ladder, a huddled mass of ice and freezing water, the ladder being swiftly drawn ashore by the ropes which were fastened to it, and breaking in once or twice in its progress over the surface of the ice. I remember the horror of each of these new accidents. I remember running as fast as I could, supported on each side by an iceman, from the Round Pond to the receiving-house of the Humane Society. I remember that some one had been sent on to order the warm bath, which I found ready on my arrival. I remember how difficult it was to get my wet clothes off. I remember rejoicing that my stockings were not the pair which were darned so much at the knee, and which would have been discreditable; and I recollect seeing the water poured out of my watch—it was a silver one, but a good performer—on the ground; and then I remember feeling very happy, while the superintendent of the place—a man of some forty years of age, with a kind face and great bushy whiskers—kept throwing the warm water over my chest with his hands as I lay in the bath, and thought how warm it felt, and how strange it was that water should be the first thing resorted to, to repair the mischief which water had done.

Is misfortune good for us, that it makes us feel so happy afterwards? I shall never forget the peace of that time, I shall never forget how, looking up at the face of this man as he sat beside the bath, I thought I had never seen any one who looked so good and so benevolent. He was a man who had the appearance of a sea-captain, and was the sort of person one would wish to have by one in a storm, or indeed in any kind of danger.

The receiving-house in Hyde Park is not in its interior arrangements unlike a ward in a hospital. Clean, and warm, and airy, it is provided with the means of having several warm baths at one time, and of readily putting in practice all the directions which are given in the Society's book for the restoration of those in whom life is suspended. As soon as I had been long enough in the warm bath, I was taken out and put into a bed between two warm blankets, heated from beneath by a hot water apparatus, but without sheets. The next remedy applied, was a glass of scalding brandy-and-water of considerable strength; after drinking which I lay down again, and thought I had never been so warm or so comfortable in all my life. I remained there all the afternoon, in a half dreamy state, watching the attendants as they moved about the room, putting to rights the things which had been deranged on my account, and listening to the sound of the turning over of leaves, which came from an adjoining room, where the superintendent was sitting, waiting till he might be wanted again, and reading, to beguile the time, a book of shipwrecks. Meanwhile, a messenger had been sent to my house for dry clothes. The messenger thoughtfully chosen was a woman, lest, if one of the men in his remarkable costume had gone, he might alarm those to whom he was sent in an unnecessary degree. By the time the dry clothes had arrived, I was just waking up from a pleasant doze. I was soon dressed, and was safe at home by the fireside, before the lamps were lighted in the streets.

Ages of Some Living English Writers.—James Hannay, 32; Julia Kavanagh, 35; Matthew Arnold, 35; Florence Nightingale, 36; Rev. C. Kingsley, 40; Captain Mayne Reid, 41; G. H. Lewes, 42; Tom Taylor, 42; Shirley Brooks, 43; Albert Smith, 43; William Howard Russell, 43; Professor Aytoun, 46; R. Browning, 47; C. Mackay, 47; C. Dickens, 47; W. M. Thackeray, 48; A. Tennyson, 49; Fanny Kemble, 49; Sir Archibald Alison, 49; Mark Lemon, 50; Edward Miall, 50; R. M. Milnes, 50; W. E. Gladstone, 50; Hon. Mrs. Norton, 51; Charles Lever, 53; Professor Maurice, 54; Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, 54; Benjamin Disraeli, 54; Harrison Ainsworth, 54; Mary Howitt, 55; H. Martineau, 57; Mrs. Gore, 59; S. C. Hall, 59; Mrs. Marsh, 60; Barry Cornwall, 60; Samuel Lover, 61; Albany Fonblanque, 62; Rev. G. R. Gleig, 63; T. Carlyle, 64; W. Howitt, 64; Sir John Bowring, 67; Rev. H. H. Milman, 68; J. P. Collier, 70; Frances Trollope, 72; W. J. Fox, 73; Sir W. Napier, 74; Rev. Dr. Croly, 74; Lord Brougham, 81; and Walter Savage Lauder 84.

☞ The studio of a first rate painter must be a perfect bedlam; it is full of *striking likenesses*.

OUR BABY.

BY MRS. F. D. GAGE.

Did you ever see our baby?
Little Tot;
With her eyes so sparkling bright,
And her skin so lily white,
Lips and cheeks of rosy light—
Tell you what;
She is just the sweetest baby
In the lot.

Ah! she is our only darling,
And to me,
All her little ways are witty;
When she sings her little ditty,
Every word is just as pretty
As can be—
Not another in the city
Sweet as she.

You don't think so—you ne'er saw her!
Wish you could
See her with her playthings clattering,
Hear her little tongue a chattering—
Little dancing feet come pattering—
Think you would
Love her just as well as I do—
If you could!

Every grandma's only darling,
I suppose,
Is as sweet and bright a blossom,
Is a treasure to her bosom,
Is as cheering and endearing
As my rose—
Heavenly Father, spare them to us
Till life's close.

ROGET DE LISLE,

AND THE MARSEILLES HYMN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"And *if*!"

"Well, if you compose such a song, I'll say yes."

"No other conditions?"

"I give you my word of honor."

"Ah! but I want your hand."

"You shall have it—if—"

"There it is—that if! Well, Therese, I accept the challenge."

"Remember, you must set all France to singing."

"Or to dancing."

"No—no—to singing. They dance too much already. They are too idle—so are you. This life of pleasure will spoil you. I propose a remedy. Perhaps it will bring you fame."

"And then—a wife."

"Yes, then a wife."

A charming blush tinged the cheek of fair Therese Longueville.

The maiden was passing the summer at her uncle's chateau in Strasburg. It was a fine old mansion not far from the cathedral—almost, if not quite grand enough for a king—so was Monsieur de Longueville. He, with his crimson *dressing-gown, embroidered so* richly with gold-thread, that it dazzled one, walked with a lordly air through the spacious saloons, and treated his niece as if she were an empress. He had no special admiration for Roget de Lisle; but his niece Therese had. Perhaps she more than admired the noble young officer of engineers.

"Therese," monsieur her uncle would say, "you are to marry nothing else than a count." And she, looking roguishly up from under those long lashes, would only murmur, "Yes, dear uncle"—but whether that yes was negative or affirmative, nobody but she knew.

How lovely she looked! the young maiden of seventeen! She stood in so girlish, so natural a position! for there was no coquetry in her nature. The brilliant colors from the stained window near by, braided a sunny wreath of richest dyes for the fair head. Her dress, a simple morning costume of some delicate cambric, needed no ornament farther than that afforded by one or two snowy blossoms tucked in her girdle. There was altogether so etherial an air about this charming young French girl—her eyes were so lustrous, so spiritual—her form so delicately undulating that one dreaded lest the fair vision should dissolve. The young officer who stood opposite in Napoleonic attitude, arms folded—a smile on his moustached lips—followed her every movement with dreamy eyes. He was a handsome fellow despite a complexion somewhat swarthy. A tint of bronze illumined his gray eyes—his were the deep, magnetic glances of a poet.

Very beautiful in its surroundings was the room in which they stood. Real (vines the vases that contained them being ingeniously hidden) twined about the pillars, and frescoed the wall with their natural tracery. Golden grapes clustered over rich tapestry hangings. The floor was covered with gilded matting—the furniture in its exquisite symmetry and rareness of design defied description. All was gorgeous, voluptuous but refined elegance.

Looking up, Therese met the worshipful glance of the young man's eyes.

"Come," she said, blushing again, "what are you thinking of? Why not write your song?"

"I had rather look at you than write a dozen songs," he replied.

"I am afraid I have mistaken you," said Therese, with assumed displeasure; "you must be a lazy fellow."

"What will you give me if I prove that I am not?"

"No more than I have already given, a promise," she replied.

There was another moment of silence.

"I hope you are composing," she said, some minutes afterward, still feeling that his eyes were fastened on her face.

"I am," he answered, "how can I help it with such an inspiration before me—hark!"

"It is my uncle," cried Therese, impatiently. "I don't think he likes you—pray hurry into the study, and if you feel in the mood, write your song, or at least begin it. You will find pens and paper."

"Why not you accompany me there?"

"Because I fancy he wishes to see me," replied Therese; "are you not going? if he should meet you! There's a good fellow!" she added caressingly, as he slowly moved towards the recess, separated the curtains of satin, and disappeared.

"Niece Therese, niece Therese. Oh! there you are, pigeon. I've been all over the house for you—don't draw that chair—I'll do it myself. There! now I am comfortable. Thank you; a cushion at one's feet is admirably convenient. Well, niece, I have great news for you—great news indeed for you, niece Therese."

The girl had moved a hassock with her foot, till it rested near the old man's knee, and so she sat down leaning against him in a filial manner quite bewitching. She saw with the eyes of love—those eyes that look forth from every part of the soul—a dark face peering between curtains, and though half provoked, a brief smile flitted over her face.

"Perhaps I shall not think it good news, uncle," she began.

"Ah! but you will, you will, my pet—my grand duchess that is to be—you will. Every young girl has her dreams of ambition—you have yours, no doubt. They will soon be realised, my niece."

"Dreams of ambition," murmured Therese, "ah! yes, I have dreams of very great, of soaring ambition."

"But I have a fate in reserve for you that will eclipse your most dazzling visions, my pet. What do you think? perhaps it will take your breath away to hear it, as it did mine, nearly. Listen—the Duke de Volney has proposed for your hand; for the hand of my charming niece—he, with the blood of kings in his veins, and the greatest fortune in the empire."

"A very rare honor, sire," said Therese, meekly. At that moment sounded a noise as if something had been violently thrown down near by. Monsieur started and turned towards the curtains.

"I leave my books but carelessly, dear uncle," said Therese, with all the coolness imaginable; "they fall sometimes. How old may the Duke be?" she continued.

"I have heard," began Monsieur de Longueville; "however, one does not know what to believe—a trifle of years matters little to a man like the Duke," said her uncle, fidgetting a little on his seat.

"Oh! no, dear uncle—I wouldn't positively marry a man unless he was—say eight or ten years my senior," she replied, coolly.

"And suppose he was more."

"Well, as you say, a trifle more would not matter, provided he is tolerably handsome, you know."

"Beauty, my dear," began her uncle, gravely; "do I not hear whistling? Positively the air seems filled with mysterious sounds."

"Uncle the window is open, and I placed an eolian there this morning. Shall I remove it?"

"Oh! no, my dear, no—only it seems to me you have made an improvement on the instrument; it is very much louder than usual. But as I was saying, beauty is of but little consequence in the sterner sex. A handsome man—bah! he is my detestation. If I were handsome I would drown myself."

"*Ah! but uncle, if the Duke is only one*-half as good looking as you!"

"You could marry him, eh?"

[illegible]

—I would think of it."

"Come now—that is good. Why I am an ugly fellow, my niece," said the old man, evidently pleased, however, at the inferred compliment. "The Duke, also, though not particularly handsome—is—well—they say—"

"Perhaps he has an expressive countenance," said Therese, coming to his aid.

"Ah! you have hit it exactly; he has a very expressive countenance. Did I hear a laugh, or I should say, a chuckle?"

"I am sure *I* did not, dear uncle."

"It may have been one of the servants. Well, my niece, I am to be authorized to lay the Duke's proposal before you in due form if he does not come in person. Ah! my child—a coronet would become this fair brow—think of the jewels, the equipages—the magnificent establishment—the country house in summer—the thousand and one pleasures which his fortune will enable you to command. Already I see my little girl presented—already I behold her the companion of queens—the admired, envied, worshipped darling of a court. Ah! it is almost too much for me; it is well I am an old man. To think my unpretending little niece should be asked in marriage by a Duke. I certainly heard that noise again, and it sounded amazingly like a human whistle—" the old man frowned.

"I will remove the eolian," said Therese, flushing, discomposed, yet laughing, too. And she arose.

"No, no, niece; I'm going now—good morning, pigeon, I must take my bath. If you want anything, my niece, if you are going to drive or shop, remember I am your banker, and promise to redeem all your drafts."

Monsieur de Longueville disappeared.

"Bah!" said a deep voice, "and bah again, and bah twice over!"

It was De Lisle walking hurriedly from the study.

"Hush! hush! my uncle will hear you!" said Therese, nevertheless laughing.

"Let him, the old fool! ten thousand pardons, Therese, but to think! the Duke wants two years of eighty, is lame, deaf, blind, cross, homely, and—"

"Oh, Roget, is it really so?" cried Therese, aghast.

"What! you wanted it different, then!" cried the handsome young engineer. "You would, perhaps, marry the Duke, provided he was young, agreeable, and rich; oh, woman, woman!" and the sickly hue of jealousy overspread his countenance.

"Nonsense!" Therese laughed, her lip curling a little; "don't you see I had hoped to have some pleasure in refusing this great nobleman—but how can one triumph over such a poor old man?

"Roget de Lisle, go home and write that song directly—I do not know my uncle, fully. He may oppose me—may hate me for interfering with his darling plans. If you love me, go; make yourself immortal."

"You will not let them force you to this union," he said, taking her hands in his, "you will not!"

"Force me!" Her clear, silvery, mocking laugh rang through the room. "Do you know what my name signifies? Do you not recollect that my grandfather died on the scaffold, because he would not compromise his word?"

"True, true; forgive me, I am impetuous; but I love you so well; that must be my only excuse. Yes, Therese, I go to write the song that is to bring me the handsomest, the best, the most charming woman in France!—Adieu!"

Therese stood alone looking down the great avenue, watching the stately figure of young De Lisle.

"If I can only make him conscious what a genius he has," she murmured, softly. "He does not know himself; he is wasting his talents, and how is it possible for one to tell him so, seriously? Well, he has now an opportunity to prove his love, to prove his greatness; and if not he, why then some other. Did not the old sight-seer say that I should marry a man who would set all France to singing? Ah, what triumph! what rapture!" and clapping her hands with true French enthusiasm, she disappeared.

II.

On his way, De Lisle met several brother officers. They importuned him to go with them.

"Not for worlds!" he said; "I am waiting for inspiration; let me alone."

Some of them laughed, some made grimaces, and pantomimic signs, as if he were lacking in the region of the brain.

On he hurried, still faster, his brows knit, his mind laboring. Already he had determined, as he thought, upon the commencement of his song. Arrived home, his valet was summoned.

"Jean," said the young officer, "prepare my study, and see that no one interrupts me. You are not to come unless my bell rings, or letters arrive. Remember that I am engaged in business of importance."

It was not long before De Lisle was apprised that all was ready. He entered a long, low-ceiled room, ingeniously fitted up with models, maps, charts and shelves. In the centre stood a large table covered with green baize. A bird hung over the heavily-draped window.—Flowers bloomed on stands, in their midst a dwarf orange tree. Comfort and beauty were harmoniously combined. Rich colors and the fragrance of blossoms, conspired to fill his mind with images of poetic beauty. Still he strove in vain to woo the muse, walking to and fro with bent brows, banishing the outer world from his mind, thinking only of heroic men and glory. He seated himself at the table, held the pen above the tinted surface of daintiest paper, but inspiration seemed to have deserted him. A gloom overspread his soul, for which he could not account. Instead of martial images, came those of desolation and death. Instead of the bannered pomp of war, the slow train of a funeral seemed winding through the avenues of his brain.

Presently there was a tap at the door. De Lisle *started, frowned, and cried out "enter." Jean, his valet, came towards the table with* letters.

"Lay them down," said De Lisle, coldly; "but stop, here is one from my native town: 'haste' is written there. Go into the anteroom while I read, Jean; pray Heaven it bears me no sad news!" he murmured, while the valet mechanically left the study, and the letter was torn hastily open. It contained these words, hurriedly penned, tear-blotted:

Dearest Roget:

Our mother is not expected to live. Come very soon, if you would receive her parting blessing. Your sister,
"EMILY."

All was now grief and distraction in the soul of the young man. His mother he worshipped. She lived on the outskirts of Marseilles, with her only and most beautiful daughter. He had left her but recently in health, and now, dread thought! she was dying. Summoning his valet, De Lisle bade him pack a portmanteau. The man obeyed, while Roget penned a few lines to Therese. Being a man of peculiar fancies, he kept in several tinted boxes envelopes already perfumed and superscribed. In the hurry and anguish of the moment, his trembling hand sought the wrong box—his eyes were full of tears—he scarcely saw the characters—so that, through one of those curious freaks that seem so like fatality, the note was never destined to reach the fair hands of his friend. In a few moments Jean entered the house again; Roget was ready—they departed.

Thus it happened that in exactly two hours after his interview with Therese, De Lisle was on his way to Marseilles. He saw little of the beauty and brightness of the day, only the image of his dying mother, whichever way he turned. He thought nothing of his glorious song—he was in the mood to write dirges, not triumphal strains. He found his sister in tears—his mother lingering but to kiss him, to bless him, and then die.

Madame de Lisle had lived in good style upon a pension granted her by the Government. Notwithstanding she was surrounded by luxuries, she had managed her affairs so well that Emily was left with a fair inheritance, though, of course she was now to be dependent upon her brother, in a measure. Sad were the hours that intervened between the death and the funeral. Roget's grief was less distracting, because upon him fell the necessity of consoling his sister; but it was with a heavy heart he left the hotel and turned his face toward home.

Emily was only fifteen, but tall of her age, and, as I have said, very lovely. Roget strove to beguile her on the journey.

"You shall be very comfortable with me, my darling," he said; "I will hire a little maid for you, and shall soon make you acquainted with one of the loveliest girls! Mademoiselle Therese Longueville. Of course, you and she will soon become intimate friends, and I predict that you will love one another very much."

"But I shall be so out of place in your rooms," sobbed poor Emily. "I shall interfere with your studies, pehaps—your authorship."

"Not at all, my Emily; I shall work with more cheerfulness for having you under my roof. You will occupy your own apartments where you must accept my company sometimes, during the long evenings; and if I should ever marry, then my wife will have a friend such as I could never find for her. Only trust me, Emily; believe that I can make you happy."

Thus consoling her, they moved together towards home.

III.

Meantime, Therese Longueville had heard nothing from Roget de Lisle for two days; it seemed two ages. What it meant she could not even guess. He had never absented himself before for so long a time. "If he were sick," she reasoned, "he would surely contrive to let me understand it. Can he have shut himself up, determined to finish the song—the great song that is to set all France to singing? If so, I confess I have not understood him—he is worthy of the fame I covet for him.

On the morning of the third day her uncle apprised her that the Duke had come to the chateau to make a formal tender of his hand. The old De Longueville appeared enraptured. "To think," he cried, "of my poor old chateau being honored thus! blessings on the fortune that gave me Therese Longueville for a niece. Come, my child, take time to make yourself very agreeable; I will manage to entertain the Duke, while you prepare your toilet."

Therese, suddenly grown pale, scarcely knew which way to proceed. She had thought of the matter many times, laughed over, but never reflected seriously upon it. To be asked for in marriage was no new thing; she had had already several grand offers, but to see her uncle make the Duke's visit a matter of so much consequence, an event upon which he seemed to have set his heart, to have built his hopes, really disconcerted her. She moved slowly and reluctantly to her boudoir—her maid preceding her, all flutter and delight. There was to be a grand ball in the course of a week. Therese had made all her preparations; her costume hung in the wardrobe—pale blue satin, with blonde and pearl trimmings.

"Suppose ma'mselle wears her new dress," said her maid, chatting volubly.

"No, no, it don't matter at all what I wear," responded Therese, somewhat petulantly, "anything will do."

The maid gazed at her aghast.

"Does not ma'mselle wish to look her best?" she asked in surprise.

"Oh, no," said Therese, "find the plainest gown I have, and if there are trimmings on it, they shall be taken off."

"But Monsieur de Longueville," said the maid in a doubtful voice.

"Do what I tell you, Frances, and be silent," said Therese, firmly.

There was no alternative. The disappointed maid found a plain dress of barege, and proceeded to array her eccentric mistress.

"Now ma'mselle's hair; surely she will allow me to dress it somewhat for her," said the girl.

"*No; here, give me a comb. There, that* will do."

She had caught up the long curls, and [illegible] the back of her beautiful head. The maid cried out in dismay.

"Oh! ma'mselle will not look such a fright!"

"Silence," said Therese, and started as she glanced at a mirror. She had certainly never appeared so well in her life. Her cheeks were flushed, her hair rippled back and forth most charmingly, her lips were red with health; and vexation had given a glitter to her eyes, that added tenfold to her loveliness. In spite of her mood, she was pleased with the compliment her mirror paid her, and not altogether reluctantly hastened down stairs. Her uncle met her. He was overflowing with spirits.

"I congratulate you, niece," he said, "you were never so charming. What will his grace the Duke say?"

He led her into the noble presence, and left her there.

Here was a new astonishment. Instead of a decrepid old man, full of years and infirmities, there advanced towards her, a youthful, handsome gentleman, dressed with all the splendor that became such rank. Therese was almost unnerved, but she was a high bred French woman, and consequently did not lose her self-possession. She welcomed him with courtesy, entertained him with agreeable chat, and patiently awaited the expected declaration. In vain. No formal offer was made. Therese, though astonished and bewildered, could not but confess that the nobleman pleased her.

"What success?" inquired her uncle, breathlessly, after she had parted with the young man. "Ah, my niece, beauty in a man does not matter; but come—what success?" He laughed, rubbing his hands.

"Capital, uncle; I am engaged to him"—the old man's eyes sparkled—"for three sets, at the grand ball," said Therese.

"You are jesting," responded Monsieur de Longueville. "Did he make no proposition? Did he say nothing upon the matter about which he wrote to me?"

"You are at liberty to guess, dear uncle," said Therese, flying past him, and gaining her own room.

"At liberty to guess," muttered he; "yes, yes, I see how it is—maiden shyness, maiden shyness. So! my little Therese will be a Duchess after all!"

Men cannot always keep secrets, however much they may boast. Before the week was ended everybody was talking about the grand match that was to be, and all Strasburg was agog.

The great ball took place on the first Thursday after Lent. No pen can tell with what longing expectations, hundreds of young hearts had looked forward to that period; what yards of costliest fabrics had passed through fair fingers; what hopes had been born of its anticipations. All the Strasburg world of fashion and nobility was there. Therese had taken a hint from her impromptu toilet of the three days previous. She wore few ornaments, and there were many wonders as to who her hairdresser could be. As for her, she was unquiet, anxious. No news from Roget de Lisle; what could it mean? Even the attentions of her new found, noble friend, could not console her; even he acted as if he wished to veil himself in mystery. After all, it must be that on seeing her, he had experienced a revulsion of feeling, and was not prepared to pay his addresses. She could hardly interpret his manner—at one moment all warmth and tenderness, the next, cold, chilling and regretful, as if he was not satisfied with himself.

"Have you heard the news?"

A brilliant young officer stood by her side. She turned smiling, expectant.

"De Lisle served us a shabby trick; locked himself up, the other day, pretending that he wanted to poetise—go up in the garret of his brain, you know—when pop, the first thing we knew, the excellent young man was off and away. Yesterday, so Coventry says, he saw him alight at the station, in company with a charming young lady. To-day, Breckridge informs me that, calling at his lodgings, he did not find him, but caught sight of an angel of beauty, who, he supposes is his wife. Pretty trick of his, isn't it? Always expected some such thing of De Lisle; romantic fellow!"

Therese listened, cold and hot by turns. Her brow felt like marble. It was certain, then and there, she had made a discovery—that the young, ardent, handsome officer of engineers, Roget de Lisle, held sway over her heart—and he alone. The gentleman by her side noticing her increasing paleness, offered her his arm.

"It is too close here," she murmured, and presently found herself standing at the entrance of a conservatory. The gentle fragrance of innumerable flowers revived her; still she felt such a wearisome sense of desertion! In vain she strove to conquer it. She could only reply as her friend, referring to the subject again, asked her what she thought of it.

"I—really—I cannot tell. Gentlemen have a right to suit themselves in such affairs, you know;" her voice was tremulous, and for the rest of the evening it might be said she had no heart, but moved about like a statue—animated as far as volition was concerned, but as for play of voice, or feature, there was none.

IV.

Roget de Lisle called at the chateau Longueville two days after his return. Therese was gone out, had been gone since morning—so her own maid told him.

There was a little sheltered garden leading from the front entrance, in which flowers grew plentifully. De Lisle, anxious to hear something of Therese, asked for one. The maid, as eager to impart what she knew, cut off an English rose, remarking that she supposed the monsieur had heard how it was with ma'mselle Therese.

"No;" with a start and a look all anxiety; he had heard nothing.

"Oh! I expect it is all arranged," chattered the loquacious maid. "You knew, perhaps, that the great Duke de Volney wishes to marry my charming mistress. Well, it is all arranged, I suppose, as I said before, and we are to have great times."

She handed him a branch of misletoe as she spoke. He took it, looked at it, and snapped it in two.

[illegible]

all," said the maid, archly.

She suspected that De Lisle loved her mistress.

"Sometimes I do not," replied Roget, angrily, further mutilating the unoffending plant by crushing it with his foot. "So, it is settled, is it? She is sold to him?"

"Sold!" exclaimed the maid, wonderingly.

"Yes, yes—to be married, I mean, to this old Duke."

"Old—you are mistaken," said the maid; "he is every whit as young and handsome as monsieur."

"You mustbe mistaken," said Roget.

"No—I have seen him."

"Then I will wait until Therese returns," he said, deliberately.

"But ma'mselle will not return to-day, perhaps," said the maid, frightened at his wild manner.

"Permit me to enter the study—I will write a few words," said De Lisle.

He walked in—gazed for a moment on the objects by which she had so lately been surrounded—touched the strings of her guitar that leaned against the table, stalked to her seat, and fell into a gloomy reverie. Presently he roused himself, and muttering—

"False, while I thought her an angel," he seized the pen.

Thus he wrote:

"To THERESE—

"I thought when you had received my note, you would pity me and forgive my absence. Now I learn that a Longueville has forfeited her word.

"Nevertheless, I shall compose my song, though my brain seethes to madness. Farewell. I do not ask you to remember me. ROGET DE LISLE."

Placing an ivory folder across the little billet, after directing it, he hurried from the house.

Pursuing his way at an almost frenzied rate, he suddenly met De Thalg, the celebrated tenor of an opera troupe, then high in public favor. They shook hands.

"You see a man in despair!" exclaimed the singer.

"We are well met, then," was De Lisle's answer; "but what has happened?"

"They have given me something to sing to-night, so tame! so flat! so spiritless! that I never can get through with it. It is an 'Ode to Glory.' Fancy me making wry faces at it and over it. I have hammered it every way, but can make nothing of it. The notes will stick in my throat, to say nothing of the words, which are detestable."

"Explain the circumstances," said De Lisle.

It was done.

"I'll do better by you than that. It is for my country—dearer to me to-day, this hour, than ever she was before. Henceforth, she is my lover, my glory, my bride! To-night you shall sing a song of mine that will move all France. Do you believe me?"

"Judging by your appearance just now, yes—but Roget, my dear fellow, what has happened? Any new trouble?"

"My mother—I have lost her," said Roget, chokingly, after a moment's pause. Then grasping hard the hand of De Thalg, he added, "It is now one o'clock; come to my rooms at six; I will write the song, or die."

He was gone. De Thalg gazed after him, impressed with the idea that his brain was turned.

"I'll go, however," he murmured; "De Lisle has written some good things, and it will do no harm to humor his vagaries. Besides, I must have the song."

De Lisle rushed home. His sister met him, but drew back at the appearance he presented. His damp hair fell in disordered masses over his temples; his eyes were gloomy.

"You are ill, my brother," said Emily.

"Ill—oh, no; I am not ill."

"Yes, you are. Let me take your hand. It is so hot!—your forehead looks feverish. You shall go to bed, and I will nurse you."

"To bed! No, Emily—if I should go to bed, child, I should never rise again, Emily; my soul is full of France; I worship, I adore my country. Tell Jean to bring me candles."

"Candles! midday!"

"Yes, but you are frightened, child—what have I said or done to frighten you? Do you not understand? I wish to compose. Oh, Emily, you at least will never desert your unfortunate brother—now go; I will rest for a moment."

He threw himself face downward on a couch, smothering a sigh as he did so.

"There must be something wrong," said Emily, as she turned, with pallid face, to obey his orders.

Soon Jean brought the four candles into the study. He was no more curious than he had ever been. Impassive as a block of marble, he made an excellent valet. Roget entered.

"Shut the blinds and pull the curtains down," was the next order.

It was done.

Now bring me my rifle—place it against the table. That is well. Is there a flag in the house, Jean?"

"Yes, sir."

"Bring it here."

The man obeyed, unfurled it, and hung it over against the window.

"Jean, I hear you drumming sometimes."

"Yes, sir," said the man, bashfully.

"You are a good drummer, Jean, and you will favor me if you practise this afternoon. Let it be in your own apartment."

The man withdrew, grinning delightedly. If he had a weakness, it was drumsticks.

All was again silent. The banner of France hung nerveless; the rifle stood harmlessly where it had been placed. Up and down the darkened room strode Roget de Lisle, an unwonted fire in his eye, his soul struggling to defy his mistress and thrill the world.

Presently he seated himself. The roll of countless vehicles afar off, sounded like the continuous thunder of distant artillery; and muffled by the intervening space, Jean's spirited execution suggested the march of an army. The flag, to his excited imagination, shook its blood-red folds to the shout of victory; the rifle seemed an impersonation of war. The hot enthusiasm glowing in his soul radiated out- [illegible] the surrounding atmosphere. It glowed with a pale, lambent light, in which his face looked inspired.

The first pulse in the heart of a new birth had begun with a martial beat—

"Ye sons of France, awake to glory!"

On he wrote, with fiery eye and laboring breath, until, springing to his feet, and clasping his hands, he cried out with a shout—

"I have done it! Thanks to you, Therese, false as fair—thanks to the genius of my country, my song *shall* rouse the world."

The banner, its folds now shaken by an intruding breeze, seemed to respond; the rifle gleamed unwontedly, and at that moment Jean gave one loud, triumphant flourish, as he concentrated all his energies in a final and famous tattoo.

Unwontedly excited, yet glowing with his triumph, Roget de Lisle gathered up the wet manuscripts, and emerged once more into the light of day. He called his sister, requiring her to bring some ruled paper.

"I am going to compose," he said, "and wish you to write the harmony."

"But you are exhausted; will you not rest?" she asked, anxiously.

"Not yet; I shall rest when my work is done," he said, hurriedly, as he sat down to the instrument and struck chord after chord.

"I have it—so! Mark that!" he cried, every few moments; and in an almost incredibly brief time, the song was finished.

Roget de Lisle had woven in every note the undying record of his fame.

At six came De Thalg, an unbeliever; in ten minutes he was converted.

"It is sublime!" he cried, enraptured. "What fire! what spirit! what pathos, too, shall I not throw into this inimitable composition. It thrills my blood to read it. What will it not do when I see around me the assembled beauty and glory of Strasburg. Quick, we must copy. It is not difficult—the orchestra can play it at sight."

That evening Therese was at the opera. She had returned at an early hour. Her maid not only related her interview with De Lisle, but commented on the agitation of his manner, the fierceness and wildness of his countenance. Therese listened with white cheeks—her very heart trembled within her. Dismissing her maid, she read the missive directed to her, again and again she perused the billet, comprehending nothing.

"I have received no note!" she exclaimed, excitedly; "what mistake has happened? Could my uncle—no, no, he suspected nothing from Roget's visits. What can he mean? How have I forfeited my word? He has heard this foolish, false rumor, that I am affianced to the Duke. What can I do? how explain?"

Her distress and uncertainty were pitiful.

Her maid entered.

"Ma'mselle, monsieur your uncle expects you to be ready for the opera at eight."

"Stay—carry my regrets; say that I cannot go," cried Therese, sinking tremblingly upon the nearest seat. "Wait—I countermand the order; I had forgotten, the Duke expects to accompany me. Oh! what shall I do!" She bowed her head upon her hands, forgetful of her maid's presence, unmindful of her sympathetic face.

"Ma'mselle has still four hours," ventured the latter, not well knowing what to say.

"Four hours; that is some time; you may go, Frances;" she looked at her watch, seized a pen still marked with the ink which De Lisle had used. She wrote many notes, and destroyed them, but finally contented herself with a short but comprehensive sentence.

"Roget de Lisle—

"I have received no note from you, and a Longueville never breaks her word.

"Therese."

A servant was called.

"Take this directly to Monsieur de Lisle's rooms; see it placed in his hands."

The man had gone before she remembered what covered her with confusion.

De Lisle had been on a journey; he had brought back a lady—it might be—his wife. Yet, if so, what meant his impassioned note to her?

Her maid came in again.

"Ma'mselle—the Duke is below and wishes to see you."

"I cannot meet him, Frances; I am in a fever."

"I would suggest that ma'mselle bathe her face and take a composing powder," said the girl.

"Tell the Duke I will be down presently," said Therese, and making a great effort, she prepared to enter a presence that had now become disagreeable to her. When she stood on the threshold the nobleman came towards her, led her respectfully to a lounge, and as they were seated he said,

"I come to obtain your forgiveness."

"My forgiveness?"

"Ma'mselle, dear lady, I have deceived you."

She withdrew from his side alarmed.

"I am not the Duke de Volney."

"Who then are you?" articulated Therese, startled quite out of composure.

"His nephew, Marquis de Volney," was the reply. "Let me explain. My uncle wished to marry you—he saw your portrait in Marseilles at the house of your relative, and from that moment more than admired you. He sent to apprise your uncle of his love for you, adding that he would propose in person on a certain day. Very soon he was taken ill. I was in his confidence, having sustained the relation more of a child than a nephew—and me he sent to negotiate matters in his stead. Your uncle took me to be the veritable Duke, and I, till I should see you, allowed him to indulge in his delusion. When we met, ma'mselle, I saw that you, too, considered me your noble lover, and I had not the courage (must I add inclination) to undeceive you. The Duke, my uncle, confided in me, but to what purpose? Alas! I received a telegraphic dispatch yesterday. My venerable uncle died in the morning. He took to his bosom death instead of a bride—this old man of seventy-eight. Thus you see I now confess my culpability. You could not have loved him, ma'mselle, it was rashness to think of it."

Therese [illegible] quis wished to marry her; he was young, handsome, rich, titled. She held out no hopes—would give a final decision on the morrow.

V.

The little note was placed in Roget de Lisle's hand just as De Thalg, his face all aglow, his precious music hugged to his breast, was preparing to leave.

De Lisle trembled as he glanced at it—his manner hurried the singer away. The note was read.

"What is it now, Roget? You look like an illumination," said his sister.

"Because I found a light here, which I have placed in my heart," replied De Lisle, tapping the little note. "Come," he added, exultantly, "prepare for the opera. I have engaged a central box—you shall share in my glory."

"I cannot think what has happened to you," said Emily, with a mild, sweet seriousness.

She was bending over a little box full of trinkets. Suddenly she paused, looked up quite frightened, lifted an envelope.

"Oh, Roget! I forgot this; it came in the morning, and your manner, when you returned, discomposed me. What shall I do if it was important!"

De Lisle opened it; out fell a separate note. He picked it up: it was the explanatory message he had thought Therese received. The following words accompanied it:

"As your musical correspondent, I was rather astonished to receive the enclosed, and concluded that, in a fit of inspiration, you had mistaken my sex and vocation. I have been absent, and it has lain with other letters till yesterday. Present my regards to the real Mademoiselle Therese.

"Truly, etc., etc."

"Was it very important?" asked Emily, nervous with apprehension.

"Not worth a thought, love; never mind it. Come, you have only a little time to prepare."

Amid the crowds of splendid beauty, none so inimitably lovely as Therese Longueville. On one side sat her uncle; on the other, the Marquis de Volney. Therese's seat was nearly opposite that of De Lisle's; the curtain in the box of the latter was but half drawn—Emily was so young! so timid!

Presently the Marquis said,

"A very fresh and delicate beauty. Do you take notice of the young lady opposite, in blue?"

Therese raised her opera glass—not because it was needed, but it was fashionable. She turned pale, for the "fresh, delicate beauty" sat by the side of Roget de Lisle.

"It is true, then," she thought, her heart sinking; "Roget de Lisle is a deceiver."

As she spoke thus, Emily's glance was intent upon her; and Roget was earnestly talking, in praise of the peerless Therese. She thought—"He mocks me—he laughs at me;" and held her head proudly.

At that moment burst an enlivening strain from the orchestra. All wandering attention was fixed; beauty and valor alike sat spellbound. There was a sound as of the tapping of exquisite fans and the beat of delicate feet, following the vibrations of the instruments.

Then came that glory of Frenchmen—

"*La Marseillaise!*"

As with united impulse, the whole theatre arose. Loud *vivas* of applause followed. Cheeks were flushed that seldom changed color. Many bosoms throbbed with wonder, exaltation and enthusiasm. It was electric. A thousand pulses throbbed as one. As was remarked—France vibrated in every chord. Loud calls for author and composer succeeded.

Behold both in one!

Roget de Lisle advances, pale, of statuesque beauty, with glances cast down. Emily, breathless, trembles in almost a delirium of love and rapture. Therese glows with a noble pride, in which jealousy is forgotten.

How handsome he looks! his troubles vanished—his immortality begun. They throw flowers; the place is in a tumult of admiration to the end. Henceforth he has neither to "labor" or "wait" for fame. She has crowned him her favorite.

The crowd emerged into the brilliant halls. As they had sat, facing each other, so they met, Emily and Therese, face to face, (Emily sparkling, Therese white,) De Lisle and the Marquis.

Every eye was fastened upon the young composer. Therese was not unwilling to recognize the observed of all observers, though when she presented him to the Marquis, her voice nearly failed her, and her eyes grew dim.

"Allow me to introduce to you my only sister, Emily."

Oh, to see the change that came to the cold beauty! the form straightening, the eye growing liquid with surprise, with new confidence, the cheek flushing! To see how eagerly the little childish hand of Emily was caught and held, while a glance (but how shall I describe it!) passed between Therese and Roget de Lisle. Perhaps no other ear heard the low sentence that arrested Therese's attention as they separated, "A Longueville never forfeits her word," nor the lower reply, "*never!*"

The reader anticipates the sequel of *La Marseillaise.*

GOD SPEED THE PLOUGH.

God speed the plough-share' tell me not
Disgrace attends the toil
Of those who plough the dark green sod,
Or till the fruitful soil.
Why should the honest ploughman shrink
From mingling in the van
Of learning and of wisdom, since
'Tis mind that makes the man.

God speed the plough-share, and the hands
That till the fruitful earth,
For there is in this world so wide
No gem like honest worth.
And though the hands are dark with toil,
And flushed the manly brow,
It matters not, for God will bless
The labors of the plough.

—*Mark Lane Express.*

☞ All ceremonies are in themselves very silly things; but yet a man of the world should know them. They are the outworks of manners and decency, which would be too [illegible] as a proper distance. It is for that reason that I always treat fools and coxcombs with great ceremony; true good breeding not being a sufficient barrier against them.—*Chesterfield.*

☞ The papers tells us, that there is a grocer in Pennsylvania, who is said to be so mean that he was seen to catch a fly off his counter, hold him up by his hind legs, and look into the cracks of his feet, to see if he hadn't been stealing some of his sugar.

☞ Health is necessary to the accomplishment of good, as sunshine is to peaches—all healthy things are sweet.

☞ Douglas Jerrold was considered a dull boy; at nine years of age he could scarcely read. Goldsmith was a very unpromising boy. Dryden, Swift, and Gibbon in their earliest pieces did not show any talent. The mother of Sheridan, herself a literary woman, pronounced him to be the dullest and most hopeless of her sons. The father of Barrow is said to have exclaimed, "If it please God to take away any of my children, I hope it will be Isaac." The injudicious parent regarded the lad as a miracle of stupidity, but he afterwards proved the glory of his family.

☞ "Why, Tom, my dear fellow, how old you look." "Dare say, Bob, for the fact is, I never was so old before in my life."

BROTHERHOOD.

Even now a radiant angel goeth forth,
A spirit that hath healing in its wings—
And flieth east and west, and south and north,
To do the bidding of the King of kings;
Stirring men's hearts to compass better things,
And teaching brotherhood as that sweet source,
Which holdeth in itself all blessed springs;
And showeth how to guide its silver course,
When it shall flood the world with deep exulting
force.

—*Mrs. Norton.*

☞ It is a folly for an eminent man to think of escaping censure, and a weakness to be affected by it. All the illustrious persons of antiquity, and, indeed, of every age in the world, have passed through this fiery persecution. There is no defence against reproach but obscurity; it is a kind of concomitant to greatness, as satires and invectives were an essential part of a Roman triumph.—*Addison.*

☞ Circumlocution.—*Surgeon*—"I found plaintiff had a severe contusion under the left eye, great extravasation of blood underneath it, with some abrasion of the skin." *Judge*—"You mean that he had a black eye?" *Surgeon*—"Yes." *Judge*—"Well, why didn't you say so?"

☞ I conceive that, in all probability, we have immortality already. Most men seem to divide life and immortality, making them two distinct things, when, in fact, they are one and the same. What is immortality but a continuation of life which is already our own? We have, then, begun our immortality now.

☞ Argument, as usually managed, is the worst sort of conversation; as it is generally in books the worst sort of reading.—*Swift.*

SOIL ANALYSES.

Professor Johnson, at the Yale Agricultural Lectures, says the reporter of the *Tribune*, has set himself in array against a new theory of Liebig's, for one thing, and scouts the utility of soil analyses, for another. Those who have read Liebig's recent pamphlet on "Modern Agriculture," will remember his doctrine that mineral matters are not in a soluble state in the soil, in support of which he quotes the experiment of passing through a sample of fertile soil water holding in solution phosphoric acid and other plant foods, and thereby removing the salts entirely. The formerly soluble mineral matters he supposes to have been made insoluble in the passage through, and putting this and that together, he says that if this be the case, why then, plants must actually have the power of taking in the insoluble material which they need for their growth, and making it soluble after it gets within their spongioles. Johnson thinks Liebig's theory would be very pretty if the little *if* were removed. In other words, he says that Liebig's experiment was rudely performed, and that the mineral matter was not and never can be entirely removed from the water, and hence Liebig's superstructural argument fails, like the Pemberton Mills, for want of a sound basis. He says he knows of beans and other plants having been grown and ripened in nought but a watery solution of mineral and organic food—a fact which goes far toward proving that soluble matter is used to full advantage by plants when they can get it. Although I do obeisance to Liebig, I think Johnson is right in this instance, and so, I think, do many others. As to soil analysis, Johnson reasons thus: One foot deep of the soil in an acre weighs 2,000 000 pounds; a crop of wheat will remove say 200 pounds; if that 200 pounds be not in an available state, no crop will grow: to know if there be enough for the crop, you take a little sample, say 100 or 1,000 grains, and analyze it; now, does any man expect the chemist to tell by even the most miraculously sensitive balances or tests of the infinitesimal sample, whether the 2,000,000 pounds contain enough phosphoric acid, or ammonia, or other ingredients to raise a crop? Take a barren soil, for instance, or one called so, on which the application of 400 pounds of guano will make all the difference of sterility or a crop; now, can a chemist tell in his laboratory, by testing 100 grains of that soil, taken promiscuously from all parts of the field, whether the guano had or had not been added? Verily not, says Professor Johnson. And so our young agricultural chemist takes issue on the question, and is prepared to do battle with our beautiful pet theory *a l'outrance.* He thinks that if one would take 50 pounds of soil, and wash it with an enormous quantity of water to dissolve out the soluble salts—a little job which would take at least a fortnight, and might a month—he might, by analysis, find whether there was a great excess or deficiency of plant food in the field from which the sample came. But the cost and trouble of the experiment are serious objections to putting the scheme into practice.

The most fertile soils contain the finest particles, or in other words soils are like linen, better for having fine texture. Most soils are deficient mechanically rather than chemically. There is great store of plant food, but not finely enough divided. A field therefore which, in a certain state of pulverization, will produce 15 bushels of wheat, would, or should, yield 30 if worked up twice as fine. Why? Because there is twice the amount of surface of particles exposed to the action of heat and cold, and rain, and therefore, twice as much plant food set free. Take your multiplication table and figure up this idea as far as you like, and then you will see the use of sub-soil ploughs, and clod-crushers and good harrows, and deep ploughing, and all these modern contrivances for breaking up fields into a good seed-bed:

Strange Romance in Real Life—A Father Narrowly Escapes Marrying His Own Daughter.—Some seventeen years ago a young and intelligent man married an accomplished German girl in Rochester, New York. He had be- [illegible] city, and shortly after his marriage he was suspected of forgery. The suspicion was so strong against him that he fled. His wife never heard of him afterwards. She gave birth to a child about a year after their marriage.—She died when the child was some six years old, and on her death bed gave it to a German family, who had been her friends for a long time. This family moved to this city when the child—an uncommonly pretty little girl—was about seven years old. The family, after they had resided here six months, had some property fall to them in the German State of Hanover, and concluded to go there and spend the remainder of their days. They went, leaving little Christine, the child, with a worthy German named Klingenheifer. He took her into his family and adopted her as his child. He gave her all the opportunities of education that his limited means would permit, and the child became a beautiful and intelligent girl.

About six weeks ago a gentleman arrived in the city from the Mexican State of Sonora. Mr. Klingenheifer, seeing his name upon a hotel register, sought him out for the purpose of gaining some information of a brother of his, who lives in Sonora. It so happened that the gentleman knew Mr. K.'s brother perfectly well—they were tried and warm friends—and an intimacy naturally sprung up between himself and Mr. K. He visited Mr. K.'s house, and there met the young lady Christine. They became friends, and subsequent visits ripened their friendship into love. He offered her his hand in marriage, which was accepted. He had lived in Sonora for several years, and had been connected with many of the revolutions of that singularly revolutionary country, taking side with the Liberals. The present Government of that unhappy State is not "liberal," and the gentleman was recently exiled by Gavalando, the Governor. The gentleman had no difficulty in proving all this. Besides, he had plenty of money.

Monday last was settled upon as the wedding day.

Sunday, while he was visiting the young lady, his attention was directed to a locket-ring which she wore upon one of her fingers. He laughingly asked her whose miniature the locket contained, and she told him it was that of her dead mother. He looked at it, and became deathly pale. He knew the miniature was that of his wife, and felt sure that the girl by his side was his own daughter, though he had never before supposed he had a child upon earth. The mingled pain and pleasure he felt—pain at the thought of the frightful act he had been about to commit, and pleasure at his most happy escape—cannot be described.

His daughter, after the shock which the discovery caused her had passed away, was overjoyed at meeting her father.

News had reached him, while he was in South America, of his wife's death. When exiled from Sonora, he determined to revisit Rochester, and endeavor to clear up the suspicion against him. He knew that he was innocent. He travelled under an assumed name, but it had been his intention to impart the secret to Christine ere the marriage ceremony was performed. She, it will be borne in mind, had adopted the name of Klingenheifer, and the gentleman had supposed she was Mr. K.'s own daughter.

He was happy to learn, as he did from his daughter, who had received the intelligence from her mother, that all suspicion against him in regard to the forgery in Rochester had been entirely allayed years ago, by the confession of the guilty party.

He will go West with his daughter, and settle there.—*Cleveland Plaindealer, Feb.* 1.

☞ Fun.—The idle man's business.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Canada at Halifax on the 10th, brings dates to the 28th.

The Queen's speech had been delivered. Its tone is pacific, and the various interests are discussed with a favorable bearing. Regarding the San Juan difficulty it says the equitable and conciliatory arrangements made by the American Government for its settlement have prevented any disturbance of the friendly relations existing between the two countries.

The sudden death by drowning of Captain Harrison, of the steamship Great Eastern, is announced.

The commercial treaty between England and France has been signed.

It is announced that Mr. Cobden lost nearly all his private fortune by investments in American railway securities, and that £40,000 in sums from £50 to £500 have been subscribed to repair his loss.

It is reported that Napoleon had written a second letter to the Pope, of a threatening nature. This is stated, on authority, by the Liverpool Post, which gives the substance of the letter as follows:

"His Majesty is willing and anxious to remain the eldest son of the Church; but if his Holiness opposes the late proposition, let him remember Henry the Eighth."

Lord John Russell had stated in Parliament that a convention was being drawn up between England and America for the prevention of the cruelty to seamen, which had become so common aboard American vessels—power having been given Mr. Dallas by the American government.

Some of the journals publish news from Australia, announcing that a panic prevailed at Melbourne, and many failures had occurred.

In the House of Lords, Earl Granville, in reply to a question, said the government had received no information of any negotiations pending for the annexation of Savoy to France, and the French government had not accordingly been made acquainted with their opinions as to such an arrangement.

Liverpool, Jan. 27.—Cotton closed active with an advance of 1-16d. to ⅛d. Breadstuffs are dull and declining. Corn steady. Provisions steady. Tea tending upwards. Rice firm. Turpentine firm. Pig iron steady.

Barings report Breadstuffs quiet, but steady.

☞ Three cockneys being out one evening in a dense fog, came up to a building that they thus described. The first said "There's a *nouse.*" "No," said the second, "it's a *nut.*" The third said, "You're both wrong—it's a *nin.*"

☞ "Miss, what have you done to be ashamed of, that you blush so?" "Sir, what have the roses, and the strawberries, and the peaches done, that *they* blush so?"

☞ Language is a solemn thing. It grows out of life, out of its agonies and ecstasies, its wants and its weariness. Every language is a temple, in which the soul of those who speak it, is enshrined.—*O. W. Holmes.*

☞ Be and continue poor, young man, while others around you grow rich by fraud and disloyalty; be without place or power, while others beg their way upward; bear the pain of disappointed hopes, while others gain the accomplishment of theirs by flattery; forego the gracious pressure of the hand, for which others cringe and crawl. Wrap yourself up in your own virtue, and seek a friend and your daily bread. If you have, in such a course, grown gray with unblenched honor, bless God and die.—*Heinzelmann.*

☞ There is some help for all the defects of fortune; for if a man cannot attain to the length of his wishes, he may have his remedy [illegible]

☞ A generous, a brave, a noble deed, performed by an adversary, commands our approbation; while in its consequences it may be acknowledged prejudicial to our particular interest.—*Hume.*

☞ Receive no satisfaction for premeditated impertinence; forget it, forgive it, but keep him inexorably at a distance who offered it.—*Lavater.*

☞ A clerk in a music store was lately overpowered by a fastidious young lady who wished to purchase Mr. Thomas Hood's —a—a song of the—a—*gentleman's under garment!*" The clerk at the latest accounts was as well as could be expected.

☞ Christianity commands us to pass by injuries; policy, to let them pass by us.—*Franklin.*

☞ Be willing to want what God is not willing to give.

☞ Money may be paid, but kindness never.—*John Leyden.*

☞ It may afford some encouragement to a mind in distress to remember, that the narrowest part of a defile is often nearest the open field.

☞ It is one among the pious and valuable maxims which are ascribed to Francis de Sales, "A judicious silence is always better than truth spoken without charity."

☞ A robber having broken into Nasir Eddin's house, his wife, hearing the noise, exclaimed—

"Effendi! Effendi! there's a thief in the house!"

"Oh," said the Khojah, "never mind; I only hope he will find something, that we may take it from him."

☞ Man is a perpetual seeker. He sees always just before him his own power, which he must hasten to overtake. He weighs himself often in thought; yet it is not his present, but a presumptive value of which he is taking account.—*Emerson.*

☞ We happened to hear a conversation between two foreigners—one an Irishman, the other a Swede—in which the character of Metternich was estimated quite differently. Said the Irishman, "*It's me opeeneon Metherniche was the greatest man they've prajuiced in Germany.*" "*Vell sir,*" replied the other, "*dat dosh not precent hish being von big scoundrel!*"

☞ Suwarrow, even in peace, always slept fully armed, boots and all. "When I was lazy," he said, "and wanted to enjoy a comfortable sleep, I usually *took off one spur.*"

☞ A Question for Builders.—Is a crazy tenement a madhouse?

☞ Conventionality.—In a demoralised Society, the Best Possible Substitute for Virtue.

☞ There is one thing a drunken man can't do—drive a sulky without getting his legs mixed up with the wheels.

☞ All censure of others, is oblique praise of self. It is uttered in order to show how much the speaker can bear. It has all the invidiousness of self-praise, and all the reproach of falsehood.

Mason and Dixon's Line.—On the 4th of August, 1763, Thomas and Richard Penn, and Lord Baltimore, being together in London, agreed with Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, two mathematicians, or surveyors, to mark, run out, settle and fix the boundary line between Maryland on the one hand, and Delaware and Pennsylvania on the other. Mason and Dixon landed in Philadelphia on the 15th of November following, and began their work at once. They adopted the peninsular lines, and the radius and tangent point of the circular of their predecessors. They next ascertained the northeastern coast of Maryland, and proceeded to run the dividing parallel of latitude. They pursued this parallel a distance of 23 miles, 18 chains and 21 links, from the place of beginning, at the N. E. corner of Maryland, to the bottom of a valley on Dunkard Creek, where an Indian war-path crossed their route, and here, on the 19th of November, 1767—ninety-two years ago—their Indian escort told them it was the will of the Sioux Nation that the surveys should cease, and they terminated accordingly, leaving 36 miles, 6 chains and 50 links, as the exact distance remaining to be run West, to the southwest angle of Pennsylvania, not far from the Board Tree Tunnel, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Dixon died at Durham, England, 1777; Mason died in Pennsylvania, 1787.

The Russian Serf Question.—The following letter has been received from Warsaw, dated the 14th of January:

The deputies from the nobility who were summoned to St. Petersburg to discuss the question of the emancipation of the peasants, have received orders to quit the capital, where their presence was considered dangerous, and to retire to their respective governments. They have obeyed; but that has not calmed the agitation. The deputies since their return home, have recommended the discussion of the question of emancipation; but M. Lanskoi, the Minister of the Interior, has addressed a circular to the governors of provinces, in which he tells them that the emancipation of the peasants is now a question of S ate, and that the deputies have no longer any right to discuss it. The Russian nobility have expressed great indignation at this circular, and declare that the minister has exceeded his authority. The nobility of the governments of Twer and Riazan have addressed protests to their respective governors. The other governments of Great Russia will follow their example. This agitation is causing the government great uneasiness.

The Collision in Washington.—The Washington Star, of Saturday, gives the following account of the assault made by Edmundson, of Virginia, on Mr. Hickman, of Pennsylvania. About 3½ P. M. Messrs. Edmundson, Keitt, and Vice President Breckinridge, in company with two other gentlemen, were leaving the Capitol, and when about half way down the avenue way of the Capitol grounds they met Mr. Hickman, who was apparently unaccompanied. Mr. Edmundson walked up to Mr. Hickman, and some words passed between them in relation to a late speech of Mr. Hickman's (apparently that made on the occasion of a late serenade,) which ended in Mr. Edmundson dealing a severe blow to Mr. Hickman upon the head, knocking off his hat, and following up the assault by some cuts with a switch, at the same time designating Mr. H. as a "slanderer and a coward." Mr. Hickman endeavored to close with his antagonist, but further hostilities were precluded by the interposition of others; Mr. Keitt taking Mr. Edmundson from the ground, and Mr. Breckinridge performing a like office for Mr. Hickman.

☞ Blessed is the memory of those who have kept themselves unspotted *from* the world!—yet more blessed and more dear the memory of those who have kept themselves unspotted *in* the world.—*Mrs. Jameson.*

His act did not o'ertake his bad intent.
And therefore must be buried as an intent
That perished by the way. —*Shakspeare*

☞ Love demands little else than the power to feel and to requite love.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

☞ Be wisely worldly, but not worldly wise. —*Quarles.*

☞ The nerves of the stomach become weakened by excessive mental application, and the moment a man loses his stomach, the citadel is taken.

☞ To exact consideration merely on account of her sex, is in any woman the poorest cowardice.

☞ A married woman, of the Shawnee Indians, made this beautiful reply to a man whom she met in the woods, and who implored her to love and look on him. "Oulaman, my husband," said she, "who is forever before my eyes, hinders me from seeing you."

☞ A distinguished preacher of Boston having delivered a sermon or a lecture upon mean men, some one has asked for a sermon on mean women. We think that Tennyson's brief sermon on the whole subject will hardly be surpassed even by the most prolix discourse. It is found in Vivien, one of the "Idylls of the King:"

"For men at most differ as Heaven and Earth,
But women, worst and best, as Heaven and Hell."

☞ Though we have no positive evidence of the fact, it is almost certain that Shakspeare was a Broker, no one having furnished more Stock Quotations than he.—*Vanity Fair.*

☞ The Wreath and the Wearer.—An artificial florist describes himself as "Head Gardener to the Ladies."

☞ It has been discovered that bread can be manufactured out of wood. Long before this discovery was made, all wood was known to have grain in it.

☞ It is perhaps, a debatable question whether a person who has always been in the habit of lying, has a right to tell the truth. It is, of course, the only device by which he can deceive people.

☞ What evidence have we that Adam used sugar? He raised Cain.—*Vanity Fair.*

☞ The striving of modern fashionable education is to make the character impressive; while the result of good education, though not the aim, would be to make it expressive.

Only propose to blow a bubble,
Goodness' what hundreds will subscribe for soap!

☞ The greatest pleasure of life is love; the greatest treasure, contentment; the greatest possession, health; the greatest ease, sleep; and the best medicine, a true friend.

☞ A dentist at work in his vocation always looks down in the mouth.

☞ Queen Henrietta (wife of Charles I.) viewed even the characters of great men—shrewdly observes the elder Disraeli—with all the sensations of a woman. Describing the Earl of Stratford to a continental friend, and having observed that he was a great man, she dwelt with far more interest on his person: "Though not handsome," said she, "he was agreeable enough, and he had the finest hands of any man in the world!"

POLITICAL NEWS.

Mississippi and the African Slave Trade.—At the Southern Convention held in Vicksburg, last May, the vote of Mississippi was cast in favor of opening the African slave trade. In the present Legislature, however, the bill to repeal the State law against the introduction of Africans into that State, was rejected on the 25th ultimo, *by a vote of three to one.* On a motion to indefinitely postpone the whole subject, the yeas were 66, nays 22.

Mr. Forney's Position.—The Press (Mr. Forney's paper,) quotes the following from the Tribune, and says it "fairly states the position of Mr. Forney:"—"We believe his well-understood present political position is this: If Mr. Douglas should be nominated for the Presidency on a popular sovereignty platform, and should avowedly accept that nomination on such a platform, and should declare to the country that he adhered to the principles he proclaimed in the Lecompton contest, then Mr. Forney would support him, *provided he believed that the platform was established in good faith, and Mr. D. was sincere in his avowals.* If either of these contingencies fails, then throughout the coming Presidential struggle he will be found doing battle with the friends of the Constitution and the Union against the enemies of both."

To a party of serenaders, recently in this city, Mr. Forney said:—"They had called him a Black Republican. He would ask them to suspend their virulence until he had gone over to the Republican ranks—until he had committed an overt act of treason against the pure and true Democratic party. Let them await the course of events—let them watch his course in the future. When the Democratic party ceased to be a Democratic party, he would join the Republicans."

Maryland.—The House of Delegates have adopted resolutions censuring Mr. H. Winter Davis for voting for Mr. Pennington as Speaker, with but one dissenting vote, all the American delegates voting for the censure.

Congress.—The bill making appropriations for the Post Office has not yet passed. Committees have been appointed; the following being the Committee on Ways and Means—Messrs. Sherman, Davis, (Md.) Phelps, Stevens, (Penn.) Washburne, (Me.) Milson, Morrill, Crawford and Spaulding.

Mr. Millward, of Pennsylvania, is chairman of the Committee on Patents, Mr. Grow, of Pennsylvania, of Territories, and Mr. Hickman of the Judiciary. The chairman of the Committee on Elections, an important committee at this session, is Mr. Gilmer, of North Carolina. The chairman of the Committee on the Post Office and Post Roads is Mr. Colfax, of Indiana. The head of Military Affairs is Mr. Stanton, of Ohio. Emerson Etheridge, of Tennessee, of Indian Affairs, and Morse, of Maine, of Naval Affairs. Mr. Mallory, of Kentucky, is at the head of Roads and Canals, and will make a report on the matter of the Louisville and Portland Canal. Charles F. Adams, the son of J. Q. Adams, takes his father's old place, as chairman of the Committee on Manufactures.

Extract from the Constitution of the United States.—"No State shall, without the consent of Congress, lay any duty of tonnage, keep troops, or ships of war in time of peace, *enter into any agreement or compact with another State,* or with a foreign power, or engage in war, unless actually invaded, or in such imminent danger as will not admit of delay."

Gov. Wise and Fremont.—At a late Union meeting in Knoxville, Tenn., Judge Bailey, formerly of Georgia, stated that "during the last Presidential contest, Gov. Wise had addressed letters to all the Southern Governors—and that *the one to the Governor of Florida had been shown to him*—in which Gov. Wise said that he had an army in readiness to prevent Fremont from taking his seat, if elected, and asking the co-opration of those to whom he wrote."

Lancaster City.—The recent municipal election in Lancaster City, Pa.,—the home of Buchanan and of Forney—was stoutly contested Sanderson (Dem.) was re-elected Mayor over T. H. Barroughs (Opp.) by 209 majority. Last year, Sanderson's majority was 13.

New Kinds of Wheat.—A writer in the *Independance Belge* thus satirizes the way in which the productiveness of new kinds of grain is estimated:

"When a man buys a new kind of wheat at its weight in gold, it is quite natural that he should take the greatest care in the preparation of the soil in which he plants it. He selects the best spot of ground he has, with the best exposure, and watches it continually after it has come up.

"Let a weed start near the dear grain; it is immediately pulled up, which gives a very beneficial cultivation to the plant.

"And when the grain is ripe, the heads are cut off with scissors while they are moist, so that not a kernel shall be lost; they are placed in a handkerchief, and the threshing is done on a parlor table, by rubbing them in the hands.

"So, then, the crop being weighed and measured, a calculation is made that if a surface as large as a pocket handkerchief gives such a yield, a large field—say an acre—would give so much. Then the calculator goes on to estimate the increase over the present production of wheat in France, were this kind of wheat sown instead."

Macaulay.—The personality of the deceased historian, Macaulay, is sworn under £80,000. His income was larger than the sum represented as the interest of this amount, from the very considerable proceeds of his minor works—the Lays of Rome, the Essays, and Encyclopædia articles. Of an income of about £4,000, I have been not astonished, but deeply impressed, by the information—on unimpeachable authority—that not less than £1,500 proves to have been spent annually in acts of charity and munificent generosity. Those who best knew Macaulay must have been peculiarly pained by the imputation of "want of heart," made against him in the obituary article of the Daily News. In truth, such a charge could only have been made by one who did not *know* Macaulay, but judged him from outward acts, perhaps misreported, ill-explained, or misinterpreted. Macaulay, with considerable reserve of character, combined an almost feminine susceptibility and tenderness. His intercourse with women and children showed the utmost sweetness of disposition, and a playfulness and affectionateness never found when heart is wanting.

How to Start a Horse.—One who witnessed the operation, gives the following mode of starting a balky horse: A stage horse refused to go ahead; the driver tried without effect, to get him to go forward, backward or sideways. At length a gentleman made his way through the the crowd, and taking a handful of mud from street, held it to the horse's mouth, and smeared it over his nose. The animal seemed to receive a slight shock; he put his ears forward, as much as to say, What is this? He ate, apparently with relish, two or three handfuls.—After a few pats on the neck, and a few minutes' standing, he started and went on without further difficulty, to the evident satisfaction of the driver and a large crowd.

The Paris Fashions.—The latest bit of fashionable news from Paris is that black, violet, and green are the favorite colors; that satin is correct for the demi-toilette; that the Empress patronizes black velvet, most elaborately embroidered in silk; that black velvet cloaks are worn with the smallest possible quantity of lace and bugles; and that, particularly on velvet dresses, gold braid is used, also very much upon bonnets, which are worn on the *head* and no longer resting on the *shoulders,* which made every woman in full dress appear short-necked.

"A KEERFUL SHEPHERD."—Mormonism is still in practical operation amongst us. A few days since a tall, raw-boned Saint, with a complexion very strongly resembling that of boiled tripe, arrived here from Pittsburg with a couple of wives, but deeming his flock too small to start Salt Lakeward with, held forth as follows to an admiring audience, at a house over the canal, with a view to the completeness of his domestic felicity. His text was:

"Men is Skeerce and Weemen is Plenty."

"Brothern and Sistern—pertickler the Sistern: I want to say a few words to you about Mormonism—not for my own sake, but for yourn, for *men is skeerce and weemen is plenty.*

"Mormonism is built on that high, old principle which sez that it aint good for man to be alone, and a mighty sight worse for a woman. Therefore, if a man feels good with a little company, a good deal of it ought to make him feel an awful sight better.

"The first principle of Mormonism is, that woman air a good thing, and the second principle is that you can't have too much of a good thing. Woman is tenderer than man, and is necessary to smooth down the roughness of his character, and as man has a good many rough pints in his natur, he ought'nt to give one woman too much to do, but set each one to work smoothin some partickler pint.

"Don't think I'm over anxious for you to jine us for I aint. I'm not speakin' for my good, but for yourn; for *men is skeerce and weemen is plenty.*

"I said woman was tenderer than man, but you needn't feel stuck up about it, for so she ought to be; she was made so a purpose. But how was she made so? Where did she git it from? Why, she was created out of the side-bone of a man, and the side-bone of a man is like the side-bone of a turkey—the tenderest part of him. Therefore, as a woman has three side-bones, and a man only one, of course she is three times as tender as a man is, and is in duty bound to repay that tenderness of which she robbed him. And how did she rob him of his side-bone? Why, exactly as she robs his pockets now-a-days of his loose change—she took advantage of him when he was asleep.

"But as woman is more tender than man, so is man more forgivener than woman, therefore I won't say anything more about the side-bone, or the small change, but invite you all to jine my train, for I'm a big shepherd out our way, and fare sumptuously every day on purple and fine linen.

"When I first landed on the shores of the Great Salt Lake, I wasn't rich in woemen, I had but one poor old yoe, but *men is skeerce and weemen is plenty,* and like a keerful shepherd I begin to increase my flock. Weemen heard of us and of our lovin' ways, and they kept a pourin' in. They come from the North, and they come from the South, tney come from the East, and they come from the West, they come from Europe, they come from Aishey, and a few of 'em from Afrikey, and from bein' the miserable owner of one old yoe, I become the joyful shepherd of a mighty flock, with a right smart sprinklin' of lambs, friskier and fatter than anybody else's, and I've still got room for a few more.

"As I said before, I'm not talkin' pertickler for my benefit, but for yourn—for *men is skeerce and weemen is plenty.* Still, I'd a leetle rather you'd go along with me than not, pertickler you fat one with the caliker sunbunnet. Don't hesitate, but take the chance while you can git it, and I'll make you the bell-yoe of the flock. I'll lead you through green pastures and the high grass; show you where you may caper in the sunshine, and lay down in pleasant places; and, as you are in pretty good condition already, in course of time you shall be the fattest of the flock. Jine in, jine in; jine my train; jine it now; *for men is skeerce and women is plenty.*"

The appeal was irresistible. At the last account "the fat woman with the caliker sunbunnet" had "jined in," and two or three others were on the fence, with a decided leaning toward the "Keerful Shepherd."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

SINGULAR DEVELOPMENT BY MEANS OF A DREAM.—Some time early in December last, a family residing in this county, had a child, of some five years of age, who died, and on the next day was buried in a neighboring graveyard.—On the night succeeding the sepulture of this child, its mother had a dream in regard to her lost little one, that weighed so heavily on her mind, that she would take no excuse or be put off, but the grave must be examined to see if the child's remains were still there. She had dreamed of seeing her child taken from the grave, and, although her husband went and looked at the grave, and told her it looked unchanged from the time they had left it, still she insisted on a further examination; and, finally, to satisfy his wife, and without any faith in the reality of the dream, the husband, in company with several neighbors, went to the graveyard, opened the grave, and then the little coffin; and, judge of their surprise, all was there except the mortal remains of the child.—It was gone.

We cannot consent to be considered as believers in dreams, yet there is something in this instance that will stagger the faith of the most incredulous, and give them reason to doubt whether all the visions we see when asleep are merely phantoms or not. This is, to us, a most singular case, and we know it to be true.—*Indiana True American.*

ELOPEMENT AND REMORSE.—A few days ago, one of our city officials, tired of the domestic restraints thrown around him by an exacting wife, resolved upon eloping with a young lady with whom he had been for a very long time desperately smitten. He secretly packed his trunks, and conveyed them to the depot of the Chicago, Alton, and St. Louis Railroad, and the young lady aforesaid performed a similar operation, and away they went on the wings of love toward St. Louis. By and by conscience, that worm which gnaws into the very soul of guilt, seized upon him, and remorse followed. He wished himself back by his deserted fireside a thousand times. By the time he had reached ——, a litte station, a few miles this side of St. Louis, he was almost frenzied. He had not the moral courage to reveal his feelings to the guilty partner of his flight, and meeting a deputy Sheriff of this county, he begged him to extricate him from his predicament. His friend, the deputy, acceded to this reasonable demand, and when the absconding husband had seated himself in the car, he walked up to him, and reading a bogus warrant, arrested him and took him out of the car just as it was moving off, leaving the damsel to pursue her journey alone.—*Chicago Herald.*

A CONTINUOUS RAILROAD FROM MAINE TO LOUISIANA.—A despatch from Chattanooga says that the gap in the Mississippi Railroad was finished on Saturday, the 28th ult., and the connection through to New Orleans and Philadelphia by this route will be only eighty hours. By the completion of this link, there is now a continuous railroad from Bangor, Me., to New Orleans, except four short ferries at Hudson River, the Susquehanna, the Potomac and James rivers. This vast chain of railways is composed of eighteen independent roads, costing, in the aggregate, for 2,341 miles of road, 82,394,084, or nearly one-tenth of the whole railway system of the United States, of which 1,996 miles are used in this continuous line.

IT is said that out of a German population of fifty thousand, in the State of Wisconsin, there is not a single individual from the Faderland confined in the Penitentiary of the State.

TRIGAMY.—A Cincinnati paper relates a case of matrimonial desperation which occurred a few days since in that city. A respectable gentleman of sixty years married a young French woman, separated from her after a few months' bliss, married an English woman, and ill-treated her into a divorce, and finally espoused a buxom German damsel, with whom he was living very happily, when his first wife, the French woman destroyed his peace and quiet by a prosecution for trigamy! The journalist says "what there is about this venerable Don Giovanni, who, one, would naturally suppose, had arrived at that time of life when the 'blood waits upon the judgment,' to induce the women of three nations to fall victims to his charms, we are unable to determine."

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market has been very quiet this week, there being little or no export demand for either; but with a continuance of the speculative inquiry for Flour, previously noticed, on Western account, holders are firmer in their views, and prices of good straight superfine, which is scarce, are rather better. The week's sales reach about 10,000 bbls in lots, at $5,62½ for superfine; $5,75@6 for common and choice extra, and $6,12½@6,25 for family, including some fine middlings at $4 ℔ bbl, closing, however, quiet but firm at these rates. The sales to the trade have been to a fair extent at from $5,50 to $5,75 for common mixed to choice superfine; $5,75@6,50 for extras and extra family, and $6,75@7 ℔ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour is not inquired for and nearly nominal at $4,25, and Pennsylvania Corn Meal at $3,75 ℔ bbl, there being little or none of either selling.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat continue light, and under a moderate demand for milling, prices are 1@2c better; sales include about 12,000 bus, in lots, at 132@136c, mostly at 135@138 for prime reds, and 145@150c for white, the latter for choice, which is very scarce. Rye is also 1c better, and all the Pennsylvania offered sold at 93c. Corn comes forward slowly, but the demand for shipment has fallen off, and only about 10,000 bus yellow found buyers in small lots at 76@77c, in store; there is none afloat, and the market closed dull and unsettled. Oats are also but little inquired for, and some 12,000 bus sold at 44½@45c for Pennsylvania, mostly at the former rate, and 43c for Delaware. Barley is better; sales are reported at 85c for New York State, and some choice lots on private terms. Barley Malt has been sold at 90@95c.

PROVISIONS—The receipts of the hog product, generally, are moderate for the season, and the market firmer under advices from the West, but buyers come forward slowly, owing to the high views of holders, and some 700 bbls pork have been taken, part at $18@18,25, and part on terms kept private. Dressed hogs are scarce and selling at $7½@8 the 100 lbs. Some beef rounds sold at $16½@17 ℔ tierce. City packed mess sells as wanted at $13@15 ℔ bbl. Of bacon, sales of 600 casks are reported at 10½@13c for plain and fancy hams; 10½c for sides and 8½c for shoulders, including some rough cut lots at less rates. Green meats have been more active, and about 1100 casks changed hands at 9½@10c for hams in salt; 10@10½c for do in pickle; sides at 8½@9½c in salt, and shoulders at 7@7½c, including some country cured at irregular prices. Lard is firm, and selling to a fair extent at 10½c for old, and 11@11½c for new Western in bbls and tcs: kegs are quoted at 11½@12c, with small sales. Butter continues dull and unsettled, solid ranging at 10@12c, and roll at 14@16c, without much doing. Cheese is unchanged. Eggs are unsettled and much lower, selling at from 23c down to 17c ℔ dozen during the week.

COTTON—The late foreign news has had a tendency to depress the market for this staple, and there has been very little done this week, in the way of sales, which comprise some 800 bales, in lots at steady rates, ranging at from 11 to 12½@13c for Uplands and Gulfs, cash and time, mostly of the former description.

BARK—There is very little Quercitron offering, and about 40 hhds 1st No 1 have been picked up at $28@29 for fine 1st No 1, which is wanted. Nothing doing in Tanners' Bark.

BEESWAX meets with a steady demand at 36c ℔ lb; the receipts are light.

COAL—There is very little movement in the market, and no change to note in prices, orders coming in slowly, and almost entirely from the South; the home demand, too, is moderate for the season, and the receipts light.

COFFEE is firm, with a very reduced stock to operate in, and only some 800 bags have been disposed of, in lots, at 11½@12½c, on the usual terms. A cargo of 2100 bags Rio, just arrived, sold at 12½c, on time.

COPPER is firmly held, but the demand continues limited; some further sales of American Yellow Metal are reported at 20c ℔ lb.

FEATHERS are selling in a small way at 48@50c ℔ lb for good Western.

FRUIT is quiet, but steady, at 6@6½c for Dried Apples, and 9@15c, for Peaches, as in quality. Green Apples are scarce and high. Cranberries sell as wanted at $8@12 ℔ bbl.

HEMP—The stock is mostly all in the hands of manufacturers, and we hear of no sales of either foreign or domestic.

HIDES are held firmly, but buyers come forward slowly, and there is very little movement in the market. There have been no further arrivals this week.

HOPS are unchanged, and a small business doing in Eastern and Western at 12@18c ℔ lb, as in quality.

IRON—There is some little inquiry for future delivery, and the market for Pig Metal at the close is rather firmer, with sales of about 4000 tons Anthracite to notice, mostly at $23 for No. 1, including 800 tons No. 2 at $22; some No. 3 at $21, and 400 tons Forge at $24½, delivered at Pittsburg, all on the usual credit. Scotch Pig is held above the views of buyers and very quiet. Nothing doing in Blooms or Boiler Plates. Manufactured Iron is also quiet, and prices the same, with a moderate business only to notice in Bars and Rails.

LEAD—The only sale we hear of is about 400 pigs Virginia at $5,75 the 100 lbs, time with interest.

LEATHER—Good stock is rather scarce, but the market generally is dull without any change to notice.

LUMBER continues pretty much at a stand still, and we are only advised of sales of some 300,000 feet shipping Boards at $14 ℔ M.

MOLASSES—The market remains inactive, and the sales are confined to small lots of tart Cuba at 22@23c, and New Orleans at 49@50c on time.

PLASTER—There is nothing doing, and quotations are altogether nominal.

SEEDS—There has been a fair demand for Cloverseed during the past week, but most of the receipts being of poor quality, prices have ruled unsettled and lower. Some 2500 bus changed hands at $4@4,50 for inferior to fair, and $4,75@5 ℔ bus for good and prime lots, including some from second hands, at $5,25 ℔ bus. Timothy is wanted, and sales are reported at $2,75@3 ℔ bus, now held higher. Domestic Flaxseed is selling at $1,58@1,60 ℔ bus.

SPIRITS—Brandies are firm, but without much doing. Gins remain quiet. Of N E Rum sales are making at 35@38c, as to lots. Whiskey is unsettled and lower, with large sales of bbls at 22@22½c for Penna, 23@23½c for Ohio, 21@21½c for Drudge, and 21½@22c for hhds.

SUGAR—The want of stock has limited the operations of the past week to a few small sales of Cuba at 7½@7¾c, and New Orleans at 8@8½c, on the usual terms.

TALLOW is without much alteration, and city rendered is selling as wanted at 10½c ℔ lb. A sale of 100 casks association was made for export, on terms kept private.

TOBACCO is moving off more freely, but the demand for both leaf and manufactured is still limited and prices unchanged.

WOOL—There is very little doing, and the market continues very inactive at previous quoted rates, the sales being confined to small lots of pulled at 35@40c, fleece 40@55, the latter for full blood, and Smyrna at 14@17c ℔ lb.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 1300 head. The ruling figure were from 8 to 10c for good to prime, and as high as 10½c were paid for a few choice lots. Sheep—10,000 head arrived, and sold at from 4 to 5c, gross, equal to 9@10c dressed.

At Imhoff's Hog Yard 1160 head were at market, and sold at $8 to 9½ ℔ 100 net, lbs according to quality.

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 4th inst. by Elder P. H. Green, at his residence near Twin Grove, Wisconsin, Mr. JESSE W. CORNELIUS, late of Union county, Pa., to Miss REBECCA KEISTER, formerly of Spring Mills, Centre county, Pa. Union and Centre county papers please copy.

On the 9th inst., by Rev. Charles D. Cooper, GEORGE W. STOUT to MATILDA, daughter of Charles Alexander, all of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. J. Wheaton Smith, Mr. BENJAMIN GITHENS, to Miss MARY J. PRETTYMAN.

On the 2d instant, at Buffalo, N. Y. by the Rev. M. La Rue P. Thompson, D. D., GEORGE P. RUSSELL, of this city, to LAVINIA H. daughter of Stephen G. Austin, Esq.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. JOHN D. CLEVENGER, to Miss MARY E. ELLIS, both of Mount Holly, N. J.

On the 5th ultimo, by the Rev. Robt. J. Black, LEVI D. JARRETT, to Miss MARY E. BRADWAY, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. J. E. Meredith, Mr. JOHN W. GEORGE, to Miss AMANDA M. FOWLER, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At his residence, Evansburg, Montgomery County, on Thursday evening, at 7 o'clock, COL. SAMUEL D. PATTERSON, Senior, in the fifty-second year of his age.

On the 7th instant, RACHEL TAYLOR, consort of Joshua Taylor, deceased, in her 77th year.

On the 7th instant, FANNY, wife of Dr. Lajus.

Suddenly, on the morning of the 7th instant, ELHANAN W. KEYSER, in his 69th year.

On the 7th instant, CATHARINE STEWART, daughter of the late Geo. and Mary A. Wilson.

On the evening of the 7th instant, HENRY VOIGHT, in his 79th year.

On the 3d instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH TREE, widow of the late Lambert Tree, in her 79th year.

On the 6th instant, JAMES W. BROWN, in his 49th year.

On the 5th instant, PAUL BARNES, in his 55th year.

On Monday evening, the 6th instant, JOHN ANDREWS, in his 78th year.

On the 5th instant, Mrs. SARAH A. SCANLAN, in her 82d year.

At Germantown, on Monday morning, Feb. 6th, of dropsy, ANDREW KULP, in his 56th year.

On the 5th instant, Mrs. MARY BROWN, wife of Michael Brown, aged 44 years.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:—

LOANS.	Bid.	Asked.
U S 6 pr ct, 18 6		
" " '62	105	—
" " '67	109	—
" " '68	109	—
" 5 " coupon '74s	102¼	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	101	10¼
" new	104½	105
" 5 "	84	—
Pitts 6 pr ct,	75	—
" " coupon	—	55
All'ny City 6 pr ct	65	75
" County	—	—
R R issue	44	50
Penn 6 pr ct	[illegible]	—
" 5 "	92½	[illegible]
Tenn 6 "	91¼	92
" 5 " coupon	77½	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104½
Missouri "	80½	—
Ohio " 1856	96½	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	98½	99½
Virginia "	97½	—
Ind State 5 pr ct	90	—
Cal State 7 pr ct new bonds	91½	92
N Y City, 1873-5	[illegible]	118
BANK STOCKS, &c. PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	134	140
Philadelphia	118½	119
Far & Mec	55½	56
Commercial	49	—
N Liberty	60½	—
Mechanics	26½	27
Southwark	69	—
P Township	35	35½
Kensington	64	65
Girard	46	—
Western	64	—
Man & Mec	26	27
Commerce	—	70
Tradesman's	62½	—
City	41	—
Consolidation	—	24
Commonwealth	—	24½
Corn Exchange	20½	—
Germantown	—	48
Pittsburg, Pitt'bg	58	—
Exchange "	58	—
Kentucky, Ky	118	—
Northern "	114	—
Louisville "	—	—
Farmers "	—	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	85½	87
Planters "	—	105
N O Gas Light	120	—
Com & R R Bank, Vicksburg	7	7½
Washington Gas Light Co	23½	—
Lehigh Zinc	—	—
New Creek	—	¼
New Granada	—	¼
N America Ins'ce	—	—
N Liberties Gas	—	20½
Southwark and Frankford R R	80	81
Bonds	85	87

RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.	Bid.	Asked.
Pennsylvania RR 1st mort bonds	100	—
2nd "	87½	88
stock	39	40
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1864	—	95
stock	122½	125
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	—	80
mort 6's '44	—	93
" '86	68	69
stock	19¼	19½
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	88	90
stock	—	46
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	35	36
6 pr ct loan, '60	43½	—
Ches Val R R, '73	35½	—
Tioga R R '75	—	85
Wil'ms & Elmira 7's 1st mort	52½	54
2nd "	13	14
stock	1	1½
Catawissa	1	1½
Beaver Meadow stock	58	59
preferred 10 pr ct	56	—
North Penn'a R R stock	8½	9
6 pr ct loan	68	—
Phil Ger & Nor RR stock, div'd off	51½	52
6 pr ct loan	97	102½
Minehill R R	50½	51
Har & Lan R R stock	57½	—
bonds '83	90	—
L Schuylkill R R stock	14	16
Long Island R R stock	11½	11¾
bonds	85	86
Erie R R stock	—	—
Hudson River R R	—	—
N Y Central	80½	—
Michigan Central	47½	48½
Illinois "	57½	—
Michigan Southern	17½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '82	71½	72
imp, 6 pr ct	77½	78
stock	7	7½
preferred	—	—
Lehigh Nav stock	51½	52
mort 6 pr ct	100	101
scrip	38½	39
Morris Consol'd	48½	50
preferred	105	107
Ches & Del	40	—
bonds	78	—
Union	1	—
bonds	—	30
Sus & Tidewater	2½	3
bonds, 1878	97	99

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, Feb. 11, 1860.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis
DELAWARE.	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore	par to ¼ dis
Solv bks	½ dis
NEW YORK.	
Sol bks	par to ¼ dis
MAINE.	
Solv bks	½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
Solv bks	½ dis
VERMONT.	
Solv bks	½ dis
CONNECTICUT.	
Solv bks	½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.	
Solv bks	¼ dis
RHODE ISLAND.	
Solv bks	½ dis
VIRGINIA.	
Solv bks	½ to 1 dis
DIST OF COLUMBIA.	
Solv bks	½ dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
Solv bks	½ to 1½ dis
GEORGIA.	
Solv bks	1 dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Solv bks	½ dis
ALABAMA.	
Solv bks	1 to 2½ dis
MISSISSIPPI.	
All bks	uncertain
LOUISIANA.	
Solv bks	1 dis
OHIO.	
Solv bks	1 to 1½ dis
KENTUCKY.	
Solv bks	1 to 1½ dis
INDIANA.	
State bank	1 to 1½ dis
ILLINOIS.	
Solv bks	3½ dis
MISSOURI.	
Solv bks	2 to 3 dis
TENNESSEE.	
Old bks	1½ to 2½ dis
MICHIGAN.	
Solv bks	1½ dis
WISCONSIN.	
Solv bks	3½ dis
TEXAS.	
Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston	— dis
CANADA.	
Solv bks	1 dis

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Wit and Humor.

COMIC CHRONOLOGY.

A TABLE SHOWING THE ANTIQUITY OF JOKES.

B. C. 999. The Sphinx invents the riddle "When's a door not a door?" Upwards of ten thousand lives are lost through inability to give the answer—"When it is ajar."

B. C. 900. Archimedes asks Solon, "Where was the first nail hit?" Whereto Solon shows his wisdom by replying, "On the head."

B. C. 878. Nero, on the point of setting fire to Rome, observes that he intends to "throw a light upon his subjects."

B. C. 850. At a supper party given at the house of Areopagus, the first attempts are made to pun on "tongue" and "trifle."

B. C. 800. Socrates, while taking his usual "constitutional," is accosted by a wag who asks him, "Pray what makes more noise than a pig under a gate?" Socrates spends upwards of ten minutes in reflection, and then replies he doesn't know, unless it be his wife Xantippe.

B. C. 799. The joke of "Who stole the donkey?" is introduced by Hector, on observing that Achilles has come out in a white helmet.

B. C. 777. Quintus Curtius, preparing to plunge into the chasm, remarks, that though it looks like a good opening for a young man, he has very little doubt that he'll be taken in and done for.

B. C. 690. Xantippe, meeting Socrates, at an evening party, astonishes the sage by inquiring, in a whisper, "Has your mother sold her mangle?"

B. C. 681. Julius Cæsar invents the celebrated riddle, "What smells most in a doctor's shop?" To which Scipio Africanus makes reply, "I Nose!"

B. C. 655. Epaminondas is accosted by a small boy in the Forum, who asks him, "Why a miller wears a white hat?" Epaminondas being nonplussed is compelled to give it up; whereat the small boy grins and says, "It's 'cos he wants to keep his head warm."

B. C. 568. At a Civil Service Examination for the government of Athens, Euclid first propounds the problem, "If a herring and a half can be bought for three halfpence, how many can be purchased for eleven pence?" Nineteen candidates are plucked through incapacity to solve it.

B. C. 500. The comic observation that "Here we are again!" is introduced by Cæsar's ghost at the meeting at Philippi.

B. C. 456. Romulus, inventor of the riddle, asketh Remus, "Where was Moses when the candle went out?" Remus makes reply that he was in his skin, and adds that when Moses jumped out, he (Romulus) might jump in.

B. C. 444. At the wedding of Thucydides with Helen of Troy, the conundrum is first asked, "Why do we all go to bed?" Eleven of the dozen bridesmaids go off into hysterics, on being told that, "It's because the bed won't

---

THE PAINTER AND THE CENSOR.—George Morland was in the habit of meeting at a tavern, where he spent his evenings, a very discreet, respectable man, turned of fifty at least. This personage had frequently assumed the office of censor-general to the company, and his manners, added to a very correct demeanor, induced them to submit with a tolerably obedient grace. George used now and then, however, to "kick," as he said, and then the old gentleman was always too hard-mouthed for him.—This inequality at length produced an open rupture between the two, and one night the painter, finding the voice of the company rather against him, rose up in a seemingly dreadful passion, and appearing as if nearly choked with rage, muttered out at last that he knew what would hang the old rascal, notwithstanding all his cant about morality. This assertion, uttered with so much vehemence, very much surprised the company, and somewhat staggered the old man, who called upon George sternly to know what he dared to say against him. The painter answered him with a repetition of the offensive words—"I know what would hang him." After a violent altercation it was agreed upon all hands, and at the particular request of the old gentleman, that the painter should declare the worst. With great apparent reluctance George at length got up, and, addressing the company, said—"I have declared twice that I knew what would hang Mr. ———; and now, gentlemen, since I am called upon *before you all*, I'll expose it." He then very deliberately drew from his pocket a piece of stout cord, and handing it across the table, desired the old gentleman to *try* the experiment, and if it failed, he would be content to be deemed a liar by the whole company.—The joke was more than the old man was prepared for, and the company for the first time laughed right heartily at his expense.

THE THREAT AND NO THREAT.—A frolicsome youth who had been riding out, on approaching Merton College, which he had never before visited, alighted, and, *sans ceremonie*, put his horse into a field thereto belonging. Word was immediately sent to him that he had no right to put his horse there, as he did not himself belong to the college. The youth, however, took no notice of the warning, and the master of the college sent his man to him, bidding him say if he continued his horse there, he would cut off his tail.

"Say you so?" said the wag; "go tell your master if he cuts off my horse's tail, I will cut off his ears."

The servant returning, told his master what he said. Whereupon he was sent back to bring the person to him; who approaching, the master said—

"How now, sir—what mean you by the menace you sent me?"

"Sir," said the other, "I threatened you not, for I only said if you cut off my horse's tail I would cut off his ears."

☞ "Doctor, what do you think is the cause of this frequent rush of blood to my head?" "Oh, it is nothing but an effort of nature. Nature, you know, *abhors a vacuum*."

THE JUDGE NONPLUSSED.

In the village of W——— lived a man who had been judge of the county, and was known by the name of Judge L———. He kept a store and a saw mill, and was always sure to have the best of a bargain on his side, by which means he had gained an ample competency, and some did not hesitate to call him the "biggest rascal in the world." He was very conceited withal, and used to delight to brag of his business capacity when any one was near to listen. One rainy day, as quite a number were seated around the stove in the store, he began as usual to tell of his great bargains, and at last wound up with the expression, "Nobody has ever cheated me, nor they can't neither."

"Judge," said an old man of the company, "I've cheated you more'n you ever did me."

"How so?" said the Judge.

"If you'll promise you won't go to law about it, nor do nothing, I'll tell, or else I won't; you are too much of a law character for me."

"Let's hear! let's hear!" cried half a dozen voices at once.

"I'll promise," said the Judge, "and treat into the bargain, if you have."

"Well, do you remember that wagon you robbed me out of?"

"I never robbed you out of any wagon," exclaimed the Judge. "I only got the best of a bargain."

"Well, I made up my mind to have it back, and—"

"You never did!" interrupted the cute Judge.

"Well, you see, Judge, I sold you one day a very nice pine log, and bargained with you for a lot more. Well, that log I stole off your pile, down by your mill the night before, and the next day I sold it to you. The next day I drew it back home, and sold it to you the next day, and so I kept on until you bought your own log of me twenty-seven times!"

"That's a lie," exclaimed the infuriated Judge, running to his books, and examining his log accounts; "you never sold me twenty-seven logs of the same measurement."

"I know it," said the vender in logs. "By drawing it back and forth the end wore off, and as it wore, I kept cutting the end off until it was only ten feet long—just fourteen shorter than it was the first time I brought it; and when it got so short I drew it home again and worked it up into shingles, and then I concluded that I had got my wagon back—and stowed away in my pocket-book."

The exclamation of the Judge was drowned in the shouts of the bystanders, and the log-drawer found the door without the promised treat. And to see a madman, you have only to ask the Judge if he was ever shaved.

IRISH COMPUTATION.—A jolly set of Irishmen, boon companions and sworn brothers, had made up their minds to leave the "old sod" and wend their way to "Ameriky." They were five in number, two Paddies, one Murphy, one Dennis, and one Teague. It so happened that the vessel they were to go in could only exclaimed, "Arrah! I have it. We'll cast lots to see who shall remain." But one of the Paddies objected, saying it was not "jonteel" to do that thing. "You know, Teague," said he, "that I am an *arathmetician* and I can work it out by the rule of *subtraction*, which is a great deal better. But you must all agree to bide by the figures." All having pledged themselves to do so, Pat proceeded—"Well, then, take Paddy from Paddy you can't, but take Dennis from Murphy, and Teague remains. By my soul, Teague, my jewel, and it's you that can't go."

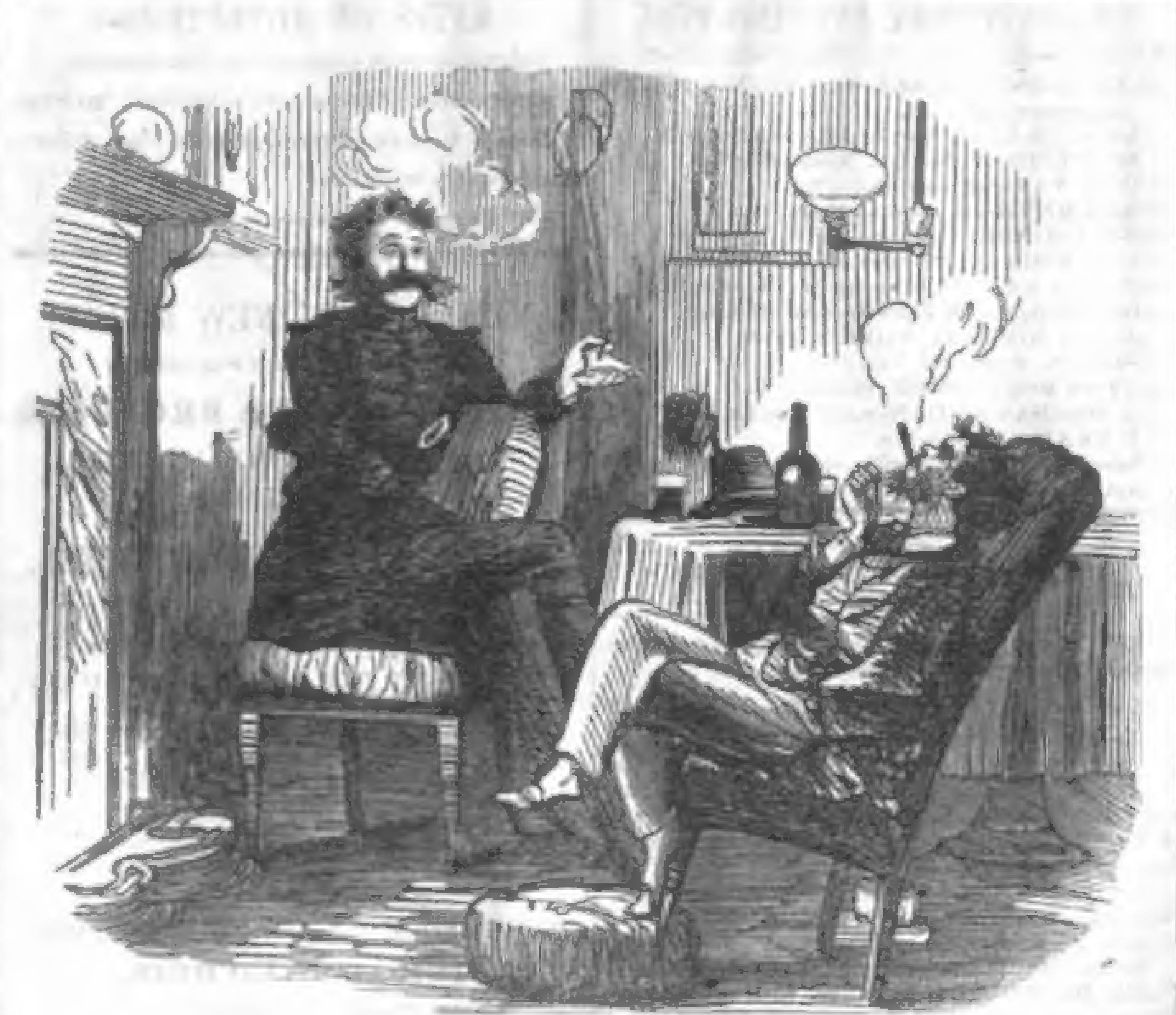
HOW HE GOT ELECTED.—It is not necessary for a politician to be absolutely slandered for vices. Congressional honors may occasionally be achieved by a reputation for comparatively trifling defects, or even a lack of accomplishments. We remember a well-known Congressman, equally celebrated for his *fastness* and his talent, who, after being considerably used up on several games of billiards, was roundly told that "he might be a smart man, but one thing was certain, he hadn't been sent to Congress for his playing." "That's whar you're all wrong," he responded, in a cool drawl. "It was just what elected me, and nothing else!" "Losing at billiards?" "Ye-es. I always lost every game; everybody wanted to play with me, and I let 'em! That made me popular. Sometimes it cost me a hundred dollars a day—*but I got elected!*" We came away, leaving the Hon. M. C. in the centre of a circle of proffered hats.

Agricultural.

A CONNECTICUT ICE HOUSE.—The Winstad (Connecticut) Herald gives this account of the manner in which Mr. Goodwin, of New Hartford, fills his ice-house:

"Mr. Goodwin is supplied with excellent water from a spring at a considerable elevation above his house. Connected with the pipe which supplies the latter is a branch-pipe leading to the ice-house, across which it is extended. Within the ice-house this pipe is pierced by twenty or thirty small holes, from which as many fine jets of water rise to the roof, falling back in drops over the whole bottom surface of the house. These jets are only let on when the weather is cold, and the doors and ventilators being opened, the water freezes as it falls, and in a few days, or weeks at furthest, the house is filled with a single block of perfectly pure, transparent ice. Mr. Goodwin's ice keeps through the entire season, with much less waste than that packed in the ordinary way. It costs him merely nothing."

INSECTS ON STOCK.—Well kept stock, housed in clean, well littered, white-washed stables, are rarely, unless they take them from other cattle, troubled with vermin—but pulverized copperas and sulphur, in the proportion of one teaspoonful of copperas and two of sulphur, with a little salt—mixed in half a bushel of meal, given twice a week for three weeks, to 100 head of cattle or hogs, is said to be a complete remedy.



ENLISTING.

MILITARY FRIEND.—"Why, look here, my dear boy, it seems to me you are precisely the man we want—with your beard, and your general martial appearance, you would look quite terrific in our uniform. You would, indeed—quite terrific."

STABLE MANAGEMENT.

The proper means to be adopted for the purification of the stable, will be having a mode of ingress for the pure air, about two yards distant in the walls of the stable, near the foundation, and a similar channel for egress at the opposite wall, above the horses' heads, as high as possible. The holes over the heads may be nine inches square, and those on a level with the ground at the opposite wall not more than four inches. The working of such machinery can be easily discovered, by placing a feather or lighted candle at the openings near the ground, when either will be blown inwards, proving an inward current of atmosphere or pure air; while a similar trial at the holes near the ceiling will show an outward stream of the lighter poisonous gases. The man must be either very obtuse in intellect, or very reckless of his own interest and his servants' comfort, that after consideration of these facts will neglect the remedy within reach of the poorest or most niggardly. Ignorant grooms will frequently stop the ventilators with hay, more particularly in winter, either not knowing, or not caring, that ventilation is as requisite at one season as another; and that if accustomed to a healthful current of air, the most tender horse will never take injury from it. In building stables, I should never have them lofted, preferring straw and hay houses on the ground-floor at- with the barest incline in stalls that will suffice for cleanliness, as slopping stalls are to the poor animals places of purgatorial torment, only temporarily alleviated by their absence at work or elsewhere. A horse resting in the natural state when standing, will face down an incline; and many in the plenitude of their wisdom expect to give repose, by tying him in a contrary direction to that which nature dictates. Pipes sunk for conducting the urine to a liquid manure receptacle will be found to materially enhance the dryness, cleanliness, and comfort of stables, and to save for the farmer a valuable addition for agricultural purposes. I object *in toto* to tying horses' heads in stalls; the animals are thereby debarred volition, and must place themselves, in what should be their hours of ease, not as they wish, but as their master or custom ordains. Dung or litter should never be alloyed to accumulate for a moment, but should be removed to the dung-heap, which should never be within *smelling* distance of a stable. Any one desirous of seeing proper stable system carried out, had better pay a visit to Mr. Murray's, Broughton Mews, Manchester, and if not improved and enlightened I am much mistaken. The more room a horse has, the less liable will he be to diseased legs and stable accidents. Though stalls may indifferently accommodate moderate horses, I should say boxes were indispensable for valuable ones. I recommend crushed oats in preference to corn *au naturel;* but for hard work it should not be given without beans. A thermometer should always be a stable adjunct, and the temperature regulated accordingly. The system of bedding down horses in the day time is wrong. The mechanism of the foot is peculiar for delicacy of structure; surrounded by a flexible sheath in a horny case, whose efficiency is consequent upon its flexibility, or power of assimilating its form to the delicate parts it was formed to shield and sympathise with, by elasticity relieving pressure; when in a natural state, and in constant contact with the sod, damped by rain or moistened by dew, everything seems calculated to promote flexibility. In the stable the contrary is the case; constantly buried in straw, they cannot throw off that which is at all times being generated in them. They dry, harden, lose flexibility, and so far from performing the part nature intended, they press upon the delicate and sensitive parts beneath, generating "grogginess." This evil is easy of amendment; let the horse stand on the bare floor of his stable during the daytime, with his feet stuffed with cow-dung. The litter should be placed anywhere rather than in his stable, for the generation of ammonia from the urine with which the litter may be impregnated is productive of serious mischief to the eyes. A judicious amount of warmth is very desirable in a stable, and which is quite consistent with thorough ventilation; but over clothing is a very ignorant and injurious custom. So far from inducing health, vigor, and development of muscle, the practice has an opposite tendency, rendering the animal more sensible of any transition of temperature in this variable climate. Let less clothes, and more "elbow grease," be the rule of your stable.—*The Horse and his Master.*

HEAVY OATS.—That a bushel of heavy oats are worth more than a bushel of light oats, all admit; and it is equally certain, though perhaps not quite so apparent, that *weight for weight*, the heavy oats are the most valuable. It has been found by experiment, that a bushel of oats weighing forty-two lbs. yields twenty-five pounds of meal; one weighing forty lbs., twenty-three and one-fourth lbs.; thirty-eight lbs., twenty-one and three-fourths lbs.; thirty-four lbs., eighteen and three-fourths lbs.; and a bushel weighing only thirty lbs., yielding only sixteen lbs. of meal. In other words, one hundred lbs. of oats which will weigh forty-two lbs. per bushel, will give sixty lbs. of oat meal; while one hundred lbs. of oats weighing only thirty lbs. per bushel, afford only fifty-three lbs. of meal. It will be seen that two bushels of the heavy oats are worth as much as three bushels of the light oats.—*Genesee Farmer.*

TREATMENT OF RINGBONE.—In the Country Gentleman of January 12, you say "there is no cure for confirmed ringbone." A few years since, one of my horses was badly ringboned upon both hind feet, and very lame. A friend, upon seeing his lameness, remarked that he could give me a recipe that would surely *cure the lameness, but not remove the bunches.* I tried it as directed, and a permanent cure of the lameness was effected within a month. I was requested *to keep it a secret*, and I will say *nothing about it*, but let the Country Gentleman" *do the talking.*

Recipe: ½ pint spirits turpentine.
1 ounce oil oreganum.
1 ounce oil amber.
1 ounce oil of spike.
½ an ounce aqua fortis.

Mix in a bottle, and apply daily (Sundays excepted) with a swab.—*Correspondent of the Country Gentleman.*

FALL-FEEDING MEADOWS.—Every farmer knows how disagreeable it is to have the grass left in tall bunches on his meadow land when cattle are turned in, in the fall of the year. This is occasioned in part by the droppings of the cattle, both of the present year and the one preceding, and partly by the presence of anything inducing a rank innutritious growth, always avoided by cattle. Where this has been experienced, it is well to turn a variety of animals in if possible soon after haying, that the grass may be consumed before it becomes high, and at frequent intervals through the fall. By this means one will often eat what another will not, and the early growth is always sweetest.

SPENT-TAN FOR POTATOES.—Experiments show a good result from the use of tan as a top-dressing or covering in planting the potato. Mr. Bimford reports to the Mark-Lane Express, that he raised in 1857, with the use of the usual quantity of manure in the drill, and spent-tan as a covering, the enormous crop of 675 bushels to the acre, without any disease. Such a crop as this, we have not raised *here* for a long period. Where tan-yards are common, as in some places, this will be a cheap application, not for the potato alone, but for strawberry-beds, young trees, &c., affording a light mulch and assisting the entrance of air, and preservation from drought.

THE ARTESIAN WELLS IN CALIFORNIA.—Many of these wells have been made in California, to procure water for irrigation. By an article in the California Farmer, it appears that these wells are charged with producing very serious injury by causing the drying up of mountain streams and other bodies of water. The editor says, after mentioning by name quite a number of streams, ponds and lakes that have disappeared, "there are scores of mountain streams and lagoons that in the last few years have dried up, and with them the loss of herbage and the pasturage of thousands and tens of thousands of stock."

CUT AND CRUSHED FOOD FOR HORSES.—The horses in Flanders are kept in the stable winter and summer. Their straw and hay is always cut, and their grain always given to them in the form of meal, and generally *mixed with their drinks*. Their daily food in winter is 15 lbs. hay; 10 lbs. straw and 8 lbs. oats. In summer, clover is substituted for hay. The horses are in the finest condition.

CAKED BAG.—I feel indebted to the Cultivator for many valuable suggestions and recipes, and in return, I should like to give a simple one that has never failed:—

To Cure a Cow of a Caked Bag.—Half bushel of carrots a day for two or three days, and *milk clean.*—*Cultivator.*

BEST AGE OF MARES FOR BREEDING.—In reply to the question, "at what age ought mares to breed to make it best for them to colt, and to produce the best possible horses in the long run?" a correspondent of the Genesee Farmer states that the most solid horses are from parents past ten years old. It is quoted as the opinion of Col. Wm. R. Johnson, of Virginia, an "old Napoleon of the turf," that if raising a mare for breeding purposes only, one should commence at two years old, if she were well grown, not for the value of her first colt, but for the extension of her breeding properties and enlarging her nursing capacities.

Useful Receipts.

WATERPROOFING.—Thinking that the subjoined recipe for waterproofing cloth, without in the least degree making it impervious to the air, may be of use, I venture to send it to you. I may mention that I have had both coat and trowsers done with it and never found it let in the slightest wet under the most unfavorable circumstances. I should mention that it is not my own invention, but taken from an old "Mechanics' Magazine." If the manufacturers could be induced to apply the solution while the cloth is in the web, it would be much better done, and any cloth would be easily waterproofed. The following is the recipe in question:—To waterproof any sort of cloth or made garments all that is necessary is to make a very weak solution of glue or size (when cold it is weak and tremulous, about the consistency of calves' foot jelly), and while hot stir in a piece of alum till the taste of alum is distinctly perceived, when the piece is to be taken out, at the same time to add a little soap also, or rather soap suds to it, and then while it is hot to brush over the surface of the clothes with this solution. The preferable mode, however, is to waterproof the cloth while in the web; in this state it can be dipped into the solution and afterwards wrung out, or what would be better still, passed through a pair of squeezing rollers, and the pile of cloth afterwards laid smooth with the brush and cold water; the use of the soap is to take away the hard feel that the size when applied alone would impart to the cloth, and which would also render it more difficult for the tailor to sew. The process on the large scale is besides an exceedingly cheap one; there is little labor required to pass a web of cloth through squeezing rollers, and not only is the sizing material in itself cheap, but only a very small portion of it is essential to the waterproofing of a large surface of cloth, as the greater part of it is expressed by the squeezing rollers, only as much being left in the cloth as to cause it to feel damp. Exposure to the air in the same way as sized paper is dried, completes the process of waterproofing.—*London Gardener's Chronicle.*

DISUSE OF SOAP.—A writer in the Medical Gazette is very emphatic in his directions to patients suffering from cutaneous eruptions, to avoid the application of soap to the irritated part. In the general directions appended to the pharmacopœia is the following: "Avoid using soap of any kind to the affected parts; substitute to cleanse the skin, instead of soap, a paste or gruel made of bran, oatmeal, linseed-meal, arrowroot, or starch and warm water, or with warm milk and water; and yolk of egg and warm water to cleanse the scalp." The last named application, is very useful in cases of prurigo, or eczema of the scalp in children. Both of these affections are often aggravated and kept up by the persevering use of soap.

TO MAKE HARD SOAP.—I send you the following recipe, which I wish the readers of your paper to have the benefit of, as it is considered the best of many: Take 6 lbs. of soda, 5 lbs. of fat, 3 lbs. of lime, and 4 gallons of water. Put the soda, lime and water in the boiler, and boil them. Then take it out in something to settle; then put the fat in the boiler and add the water (leaving the settlings behind.) Boil about half-an-hour, or until it is thick. Then take it out to cool, when it is ready to cut as is desired.—*Country Gentleman.*

HOW TO CLEAN A DIRTY BOTTLE.—About half fill the bottle with pieces of filtering paper, and then put in a little coarse sand or fine gravel (about an ounce for a six ounce bottle), and just sufficient water to make the whole assume the consistency of paste, when shaken up for some time. Now introduce the cork or stopper, and shake it violently for some minutes, turning the bottle round so as to make sure that all parts have been exposed to the friction; then add water and rinse it out; and, in nine cases out of ten, the bottle will be quite clean.—*Photographic News Almanac.*

CURE FOR A FELON.—Having nearly lost a finger by one of these excruciating ills to which our flesh is heir, I feel impelled by a sense of duty to proclaim the following remedy. After suffering so much with the one aforesaid, I knew the symptoms *too well* to be mistaken in regard to them, and after a day and night of torture rose at 2 o'clock, and administered the following:—Take a half gill of *strong vinegar*, dissolve in it a tablespoonful or more of saleratus—heat as hot as the flesh can bear—soak the felon as long as desirable—repeat the application as often as the pain returns, and a cure is certain. The writer prevented two in this way. To all afflicted we say try it. This remedy must be applied in the first stages, as it is of no avail after it is greatly swollen.—*Rural New Yorker.*

SOMNAMBULISM.—The majority of mankind are inclined to believe that a sleep-walker is guided by a providential instinct which leads him safely across parapets, along the edges of precipices, and through fordable streams, landing him unhurt on the safe side. Many surprising feats of this kind have, indeed, been accomplished, but they must be regarded as exceptional. Recently, an American editor, of high repute, took a fatal leap from a precipice whilst in a state of somnambulism; and a young man, in London, whilst sleep walking, raised the window of his room, and leaped into the street, fatally fracturing his skull. Those who behold a sleep walker should not refrain, either from motives of tenderness or curiosity, from waking the sleeper. It is wrong to do so abruptly; but the unfortunate person should be carefully and gently roused.—*Lancet.*

The Riddler.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 60 letters.

My 20, 39, 4, 6, 19, 59, 22, 59, 27, 1, was the last conqueror of Greece.

My 11, 15, 21, 9, 14, 56, 35, 49, 59, was a battle fought in England.

My 18, 15, 59, 17, 36, 11, 39, 39, 43, 59, 23, was the Marion of the American war.

My 10, 16, 25, 39, 7, 10, 30, 26, 8, 33, 59, was the "last of the Greeks."

My 56, 34, 48, 56, 5, 45, 39, was the last Moorish King in Spain.

My 47, 34, 2, 32, 59, 39, 22, 59, 5, 38, 59, was a battle gained by 8, 11, 49, 48, 4, 27, of France.

My 16, 4, 54, 39, 45, 59, 52, 56, 30, 29, 24, 47, 52, 55, 32, was a celebrated lady of the present century.

My 6, 29, 56, 4, 14, 46, 16, 1, 8, 13, 3, is the name of a horrible massacre that happened in the 16th century.

My 8, 43, 49, 19, 26, 31, 29, 57, 4, 59, 15, was beheaded by the command of my 41, 39, 45, 60, 4, 56, 32, 21, 16.

My 56, 30, 15, 47, 12, 32, 39, 39, was an infamous Scotch Earl.

My 14, 27, 46, 16, 40, 52, 59, was one of the Earls who compelled Mary Stuart to resign her right to the Scottish throne.

My 8, 19, 28, 37, 22, 42, 44, 19, 10, 10, 25, was where my 5, 9, 56, 36, 15, 30, was buried.

My 10, 19, 9, 14, 51, 24, 4, 40, 23, 31, 21, 11, 15, was a favorite of Edward II.

My 30, 15, 5, 7, 8, 19, 59, 24, 28, was the scene of a terrible insurrection during the French Revolution.

My whole is a familiar quotation and the author's name.

Collinsburg, La. A. L. S.

CHARADE.

There is a word of plural number,
A foe to peace and human slumber;
Now any word you chance to take,
By adding s, you plural make;
But if an s you add to this,
How strange the metamorphose is;
Plural is plural then no more,
And sweet what bitter was before.

AN OLD RIDDLE.

In days of old there lived one,
As Scripture doth relate,
To whom God gave the full command
While in this mortal state,
That He should speak, and should reprove,
And show to man his sin;
He lived and died without a fault,
Yet never rose again.
And no redemption shall he have,
Nor happiness obtain;
And never shall he see the place
Where righteous ones remain.

RIDDLE.

A noun I am, used to wisdom denote,
Both in these present times, and times remote.
I am a noun, too, when as herb I'm seen,
Of colors two—one red—the other green.
[illegible] good—
One makes rare tea—the other seasons food.
When I appear of my first letter reft,
I'm still a noun, with many honors left;
Denoting then a space so very long,
Fain would we outstrip time when we are young,
That we its changing scenes might see and know,
But ere this end's attained, we wiser grow;
Each then, his footsteps would retrace, and fain,
Prudence obtained, commence the search again.

ANAGRAMS,

On Counties in the United States.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Saw not.
Sallad.
Sad, ma.
Som hat.
O, her mouse.
Jas. Stem.
Not Ned.
Milestone.
La! pa, no.
Lash Dan.

Kentucky. ANNIE CORIE WILSON.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If 14 men can build 78 rods more of wall in 16 days than 12 boys can build in 15 days, and 26 boys can build 221 rods of the same wall 7 days sooner than 11 men can build 198 rods, how many more boys will be required with the assistance of 8 men to build 273 rods of wall in 13 days than there will be required men with the assistance of 18 boys to build 216 rods of wall in 9 days?

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.
ARTEMAS MARTIN.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The sum plus the product of two numbers is 75, and the difference of their square is 315. What are the numbers?

Manor Dale, Pa. PHILOM.

CONUNDRUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY SAMUEL A. CUNNINGHAM.

☞ When does the farmer act with great rudeness towards his corn? Ans.—When he pulls its ears.

☞ In what way should tanners use dogs? Ans.—To raise bark, of course.

☞ What kind of a riddle would a lady name in preferring a request for another kiss? Ans.—Rebus (re-buss).

☞ What trees possess the least vitality, and yet bear more profusely than any other? Ans.—Axle-trees.

☞ Why is a female hound like a bigoted opinion? Ans.—Because its a dog-ma (dogma).

Shrewsbury Hill, near Concord, Indiana.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Dr. Kane's Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Washington Irving. RIDDLE—Bark. CHARADE—Breakfast. RIDDLE—Left. ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM—9409 trees in the nursery, 121 trees in each orchard; thus making 77 equal orchards of 11 rows, and 11 trees in each row. TRIGONOMETRICAL PROBLEM—Radius, 6.00889; greatest number of circles, 41; the middle ones in lower tier overlaps by 2.05212 inches; there is a vacancy in upper tier, 14222 inches.

☞ Answer to MATHEMATICAL QUESTION of January 14th, is 69.39156 cubic feet.

Holby, N. Y. WM. ELY.